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The BYSTANDER

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Christmas Number 1934

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348.P219B.

BYSTANDER

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

WHEN IT COMES . . .

This Christmas Number of the "Bystander" carries with it the good old wish of a Happy Christmas to all our readers. To which our frontispiece adds the seasonable sequel—and a Happy New Year, when it comes

C

Of course, you remember Olympia—the Acrobatic Amazon of "Juan in America"; here she is again, more massive, more mirth-

She slowly raised him from the floor and stood with triumph in her eyes and a publisher suspended from her teeth

compelling than ever. Her re-appearance among the Literary Lions is the material for the funniest short story the "Bystander" has ever published, and (we think) Eric Linklater has ever written

OLYMPIA IN LONDON

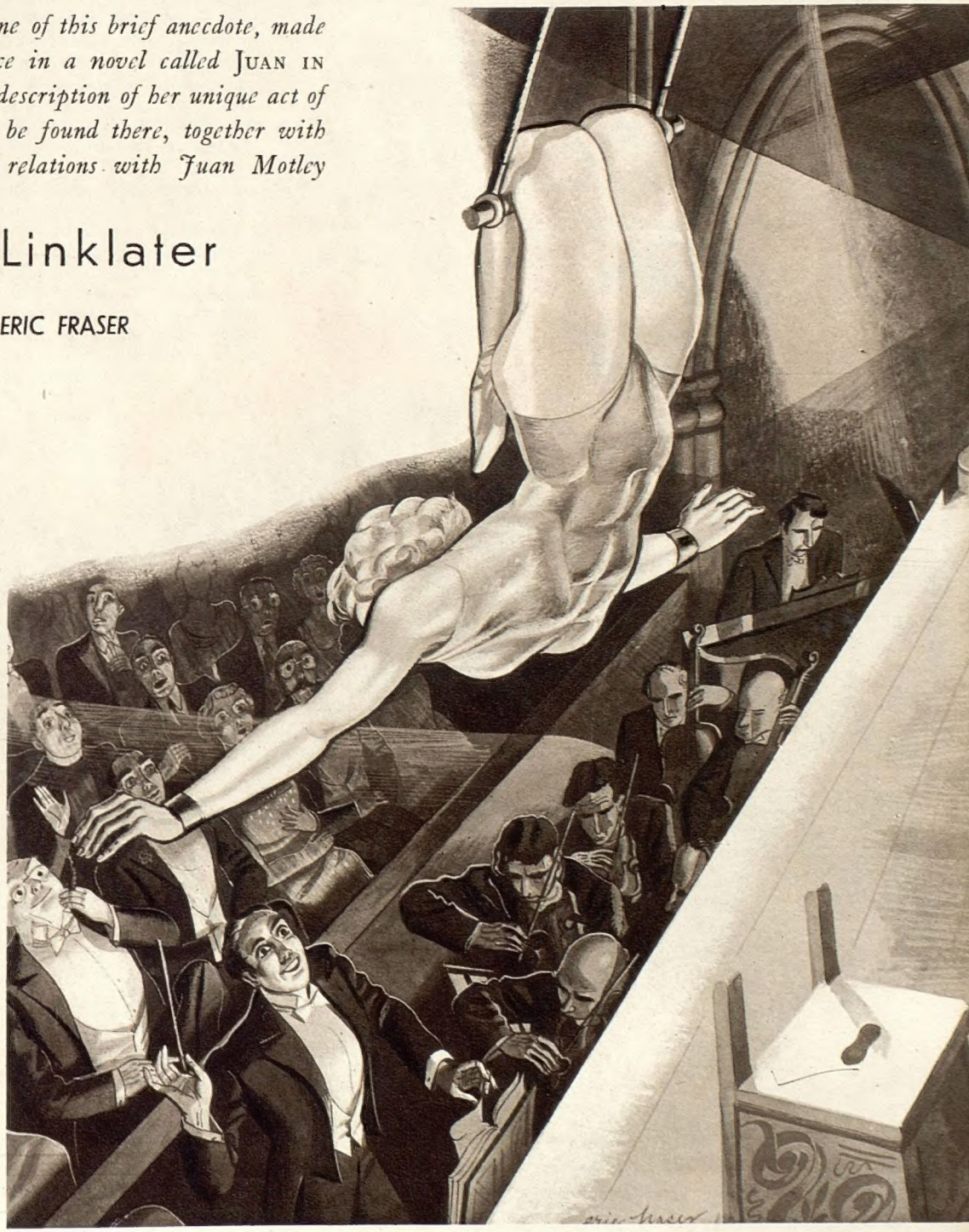
• *Note:—Olympia, the heroine of this brief anecdote, made her first appearance in a novel called* JUAN IN AMERICA. *A full description of her unique act of operacrobatics may be found there, together with the history of her relations with Juan Motley*

By Eric Linklater

Illustrated by ERIC FRASER

NORMALLY a man of equable temper and robust appetite, Mr. Samuel Prout had for some weeks been subject to a liverish apprehension that all the works his hands had wrought were vanity and vexation, and there was no profit under the sun. His pores were clogged, as by a fine sand of weariness, and the noise of grasshoppers, had he chanced to hear it, would have irritated him exceedingly. Even the cheerful red veins on the bridge of his nose had acquired a sad tinge of blue, and in the morning he would wake as tired and dispirited as if he had been condemned to compete in a six-days' bicycle race.

One evening, endeavouring to side-step accidia, he went to the Alhambra; for he had sense enough to realise that if gaiety were to be found in any kind of commercial entertainment, it would most likely be found in a music hall. And his acumen paid him, for not only did he handsomely guffaw twice in the first half of the programme—the air, blue with tobacco smoke, visibly bounced above his laughter—but the seventh item inspired him with a romantic devotion so novel in kind, so violent in degree, that boredom and disillusion slid from him like butter before the golden stare of the sun. The seventh performer was Olympia, the Unique Operacrobat.



. . . hung by the crook of her knees from a flying bar and, sailing far out over the auditorium, head down, sang the aria "One Fine Day"

A livelier interest quickened the audience at the sight of her noble proportions; admiration became evident when, having climbed a lofty rope, she turned, head downwards, to sing the "Habañera." Then she climbed again, and hung suspended by her teeth from a padded ring; with convulsive energy she hoisted her toes to her chin; again and again she kicked head-high—her abdominal muscles rolling like Atlantic billows beneath her tunic of bright leopard-skin—until sympathetic cramp attacked the myriad stomachs of her audience. A vast susurration of relief mingled with the applause when she returned to earth. For a minute she rested, and then, climbing again, hung by the crook of her knees from a flying bar and, sailing far out over the auditorium, head down, sang the aria "One Fine Day," in a voice enriched by her own acquaintance with grief.

This was the song she had sung in shabby little American theatres when, for a time, Juan Motley was her partner. It was true that she and Juan had parted in wrath, she hoping never to see his face again, but her anger had soon died, leaving in its place, like a ghost of their love, a corpus of various and affluent memory. A rich melancholy invaded her mind, and always, at every new town she came to, she sought in the passing crowds of the street, in the static herd of an audience, for that remembered face, dark-eyed and bright with vitality beyond the wonted portion of humanity. It was partly in pursuit of this hope that she had come to England: but only partly. Economic argument had contributed its share to her decision, for the new poverty of America had, in the past two or three years, reduced her income to a fraction of its former value, and a London engagement, though it might not assuage her questing heart, was nevertheless a Godsend to her purse.

Now, searching the packed seats for Juan, her eyes were attracted by the shining gaze of Mr. Prout. Luminous in the half-light, his spectacles shone like lamps that would outburn Canopus, and the little red veins on his nose, revitalised, were bright as a splintered ruby. Mr. Prout leaned forward, aflame with desire for this grandiose yet perfect specimen of womanhood. Admiration for her powerful shoulders, her columnar neck, and her majestic legs enlarged his spirit, and he felt, like Baudelaire in Swinburne's interpretation, a strong inclination to arrange himself beside the great knees and feet of this Titan-woman.

A word to the manager of the theatre, with whom he was acquainted, procured for Mr. Prout admission to Olympia's dressing-room and an introduction to her. She was not insensitive to his obvious regard for her, and his manner pleased her: for Mr. Prout was a publisher, and fifteen years' experience in dealing with authors, male and female, had given him a demeanour at once suave and authoritative, the power to command, the ability to refuse, and the talent of placation. That evening Olympia took supper with Mr. Prout, and on the following day, and for three successive days thereafter, she either lunched, dined, or supped with him, enthralling him by the naïve recital of her philosophy and adventures, and perpetually astounding him by the magnitude of her appetite.

Mr. Prout, for his part, impressed Olympia more and more strongly as the kind of man whom, as a friend, she had long desired. But only as a friend. Whenever, with romantic impetuosity, he pressed his claim to love, she assumed an air of leonine melancholy and repelled his advances, with charity, indeed and understanding, but with so large a resolution as to be invincible even by him.

"No, Samuel," she would say, "it 's no use asking me to do that. I 've got ideals. I had a beau once, and he changed

my whole life. I got kinda sore with him after a while, and gave him the air. But I 've never forgotten him. He was well educated, and he set a mighty high standard, and ever since then I 've had ideals about love."

And, thinking about Juan, Olympia would sit silent for a while, her most lovely eyes clouded with grief and her massive jaw, that would carry the weight of a Rugby forward or a caber-tosser, set in marmoreal sorrow.

On the fifth day of their acquaintance, Mr. Prout invited her to a party. It was a literary party, given to celebrate the publication of a book entitled *Kirkwall to the Kuriles*, by the well-known traveller, Mr. Knut Roaring. The firm of Prout and Lovelip was much addicted to the giving of parties, and none of their really good books appeared without a gathering of celebrities and the shaking of cocktails to ensure it a happy birthday. *Kirkwall to the Kuriles* being a work of major importance—in a strictly contemporary judgment—was honoured by an assembly larger than usual, and when Olympia arrived at Messrs. Prout and Lovelip's establishment in Little Russell Street, she found a thin but steady stream of guests arriving.

Mr. Prout's room was a handsome apartment, lined with shelves that displayed the brightly-jacketed publications of his firm. About sixty people, all talking loudly, stood in such close confusion that it was hardly possible to move, and the noise of their conversation was like the tongues of Pentecost heard through a very powerful amplifier. In some bewilderment, Olympia stood and surveyed the gathering : this, because of her commanding height, she was well able to do. And presently she discovered that while most of the company were remarkable for the delicacy, refinement, or elegance either of their speech, clothes, or features, the remainder were notable for their burly physique, their rough and weather-stained garments, and their hoarsely dictatorial utterance.

The reason for this striking difference was that Mr. Lovelip preferred authors who, tired by too much intellect, wrote poetry of exquisite incomprehensibility ; or subtle authors who could analyse frustration through four hundred hopeless pages ; or hyper-sensitive authors who, retreating to a country cottage, wrote with delicate understanding about spiders, and cuckoo flowers, and the mellifluous creaking of pumps. But Mr. Prout, that man of robust appetite, loved rather tall writers with hurricane voices, who, finding adventure in the rougher parts of the world, came home at intervals to write about Arabian dhows, and Chinese pirates, and Naga head-hunters, about the Bolivian jungle and the upper reaches of the Fly, about discomfort, danger, and death as observed in all the latitudes from Tierra del Fuego to the Gobi Desert. Such men as these, or such women, thought Mr. Prout, truly deserved a royalty of twenty per cent. And the burliest and most deserving of all was Knut Roaring.

Thrusting his way between a bearded man recently returned from a sojourn in the Aleutian Islands, and a lady with a pink nose and a large black sombrero who had just written a penetrating study of José-Maria de Heredia, Mr. Prout came eagerly to speak to Olympia. He pressed her hand, he shouted a well-deserved compliment to her appearance, and proudly told her the names of many of the celebrities gathered under his roof.

" And do all these people write books ? " asked Olympia.

" Most of them," said Mr. Prout. " And those who don't write books of their own criticise other people's."

A broad smile of appreciation crossed his heroic face. " You 're pretty strong," he said. " I used to be," said Olympia modestly, " but I get kinda tired if I do too much nowadays "

"I 'm on their side," said Olympia. "I like an easy life, too."

"Literary criticism is a very difficult job," said Mr. Prout. "It requires great knowledge and discernment, keen sympathy, the power to analyse, and the faculty of judgment."

"Hooey!" said Olympia. "I read books myself when I 've got the time, and by page ten don't I know if they 're real high-class stuff or just dumb? You bet I do! A book 's either okey-doke or lousy, and I 'll say so for two bits a time."

THE crowd about her and the noise of their incomprehensible chattering had already ruffled Olympia's temper, and there was a note of acerbity in her voice that warned Mr. Prout against prolongation of the argument. Hastily he introduced her to two young men who were standing near by, and left her, to greet the lion of the afternoon, Mr. Knut Roaring, who had just arrived.

Olympia regarded the young men with curiosity. Her attitude was that of a domestic cat confronted by an unknown species of mouse: dancing mice, or the brightly-hued creatures that compete for rodent championships. The young men were beautifully dressed, one in a symphony of grey, the other in autumn hues dominated by a rich golden tie. Their names were Bobby and Stephen, and their voices were like the mellow ousel's fluting in the elm.

Bobby, suppressing a giggle, said to Stephen, "My dear, isn't Mr. Prout a wicked old man? Fancy leaving us alone with such an *enormous* woman!"

Stephen, fingering his golden tie, said with a sniff: "I think it 's perfectly outrageous. I 'm going to tell Lovelip about him."

"Oh, we 'd better talk to her first, just for a little while, don't you think?" asked Bobby.

"But I don't know what to say to her," said Stephen.

Olympia, who had listened to this interchange without understanding it, leaned forward and demanded: "Say, what do you guys do for a living?"

Bobby giggled. "We work terribly hard," he said.

"Do you mean you 've got a job?" asked Olympia incredulously.

"I have," said Bobby proudly. "I design goldfish-bowls, with lovely little rock ornaments in them, and Stephen writes, of course. He 's a fearful high-brow. I 'm simply terrified of him. He 's just finished a marvellous book on Mallarmé."

"What 's that?" asked Olympia.

"Mallarmé was a poet," said Stephen coldly.

"Well, that 's news to me," said Olympia, "but I guess you know."

Stephen, pale and agonised by this brutality, said something like "O Moi qui connais l'amertume," and would have fled had not the crowd been too thick to permit escape.

"Now you 've offended him," said Bobby petulantly, "and I don't expect he 'll say another *word* for hours and hours."

"I should worry," said Olympia.

At this moment a sound was heard not unlike Big Ben's telling of the strokes of noon. Conversation died. The serious exchange of statements about contracts, royalties, advances, and Hollywood options died away. The crisp shouting of "Twenty per cent.", and "American rights" was miraculously stilled. And all heads turned towards the shattering din of Knut Roaring's laughter.

He was famous for his laughter. It had started an avalanche in the Pamirs; a panic of elephants in the jungles of Assam; and even—so it was said—a tidal wave in the Straits of Malacca. It was the laughter of a giant, and Knut Roaring, though he had not the perpendicular inches of a giant—being only a hand 's-breadth over six feet high—had the breadth and thickness of a giant. His features were a mixture of Socrates and Wallace Beery, and the colouring of his eyes and hair was a bright Scandinavian blue and yellow. He throve on trouble, and his vitality had been nourished by years of strenuous activity. His recent journey from Kirkwall to the Kuriles had included every known variety of geographical hardship, for he had started by crossing the North Sea in a seventeen-foot yawl, and thereafter his travelling companions had included Volga boatmen, Turkomans, refractory camels, Marco Polo's sheep, Gobi dust-devils, yaks, Chinese brigands, Korean Nationalists, and Japanese Secret Police, and such extravagant variations of climate as would have killed anyone not equally at home in the company of salamanders and Polar bears. He was, in fact, such a man as even female novelists might hesitate to conceive.

Olympia, a head taller than her neighbours, turned to the rich sound of his laughter and stared at him with a wild Cortesian surmise. But Bobby and Stephen, even standing tip-toe, could see nothing of him.

"Oh, I *wish* I could see him!" cried Bobby.

"Upsy-daisy, then," said Olympia, and out of the kindness of her heart she seized him by the small of his back—her right hand gripping coat, trouser-top, and braces—and with her left hand doing the like to Stephen, she hoisted them up a clear three feet above the surrounding guests. From this height they obtained an excellent view of Knut Roaring, but so startled were they by their sudden ascension that each emitted a loud squeal of terror.

The attention of the guests was now turned to Olympia and her twin burden, and those in front of her fell back with exclamations of disquiet, leaving an almost clear space between her and Knut. A broad smile of appreciation crossed his heroic face. "You 're pretty strong," he said.

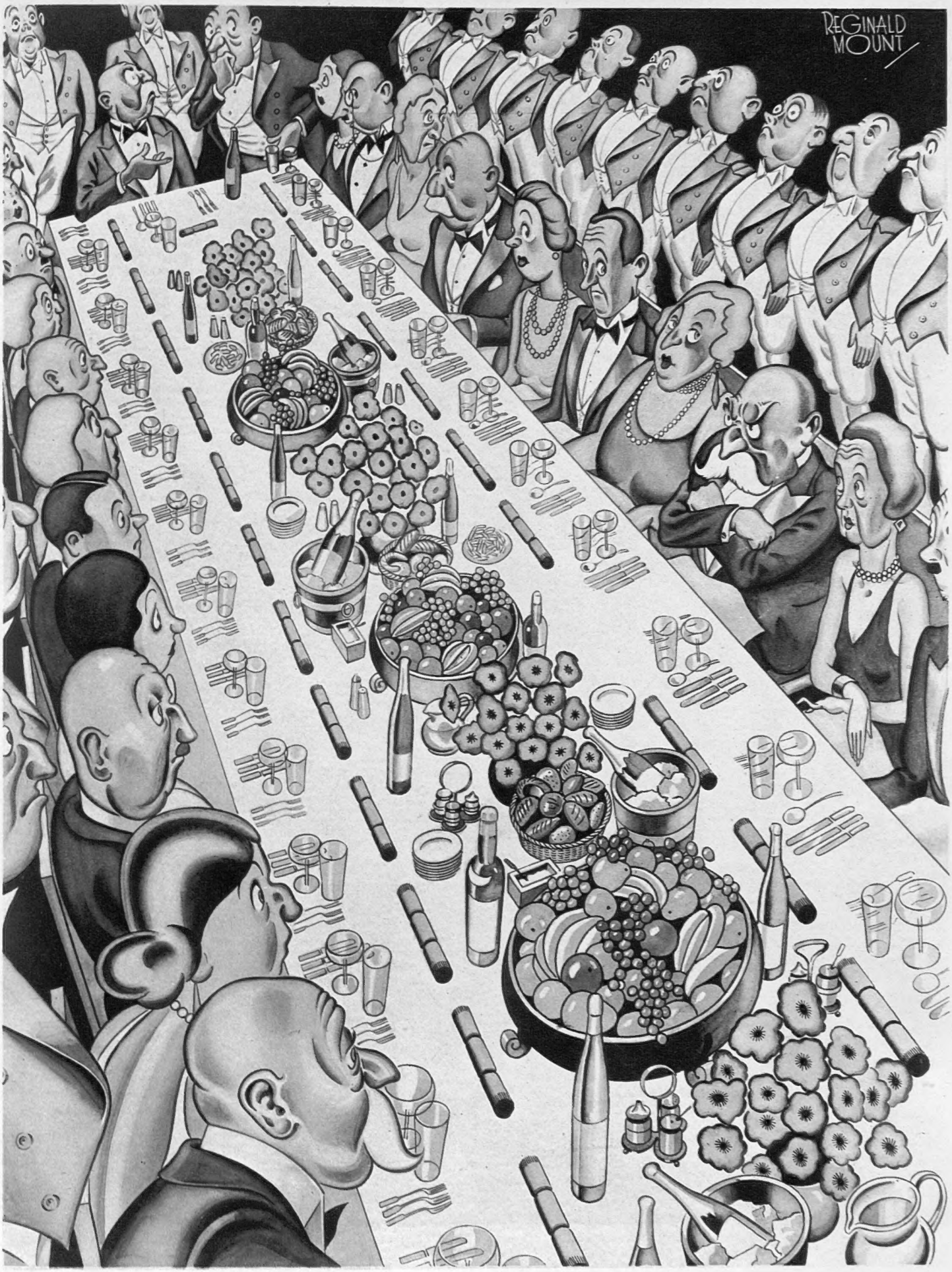
"I used to be," said Olympia modestly, "but I get kinda tired if I do too much nowadays."

Now Bobby . . . taking half a dozen of Mr. Prout's new books, tore out the leaves and scattered them over the heroic and exhausted pair

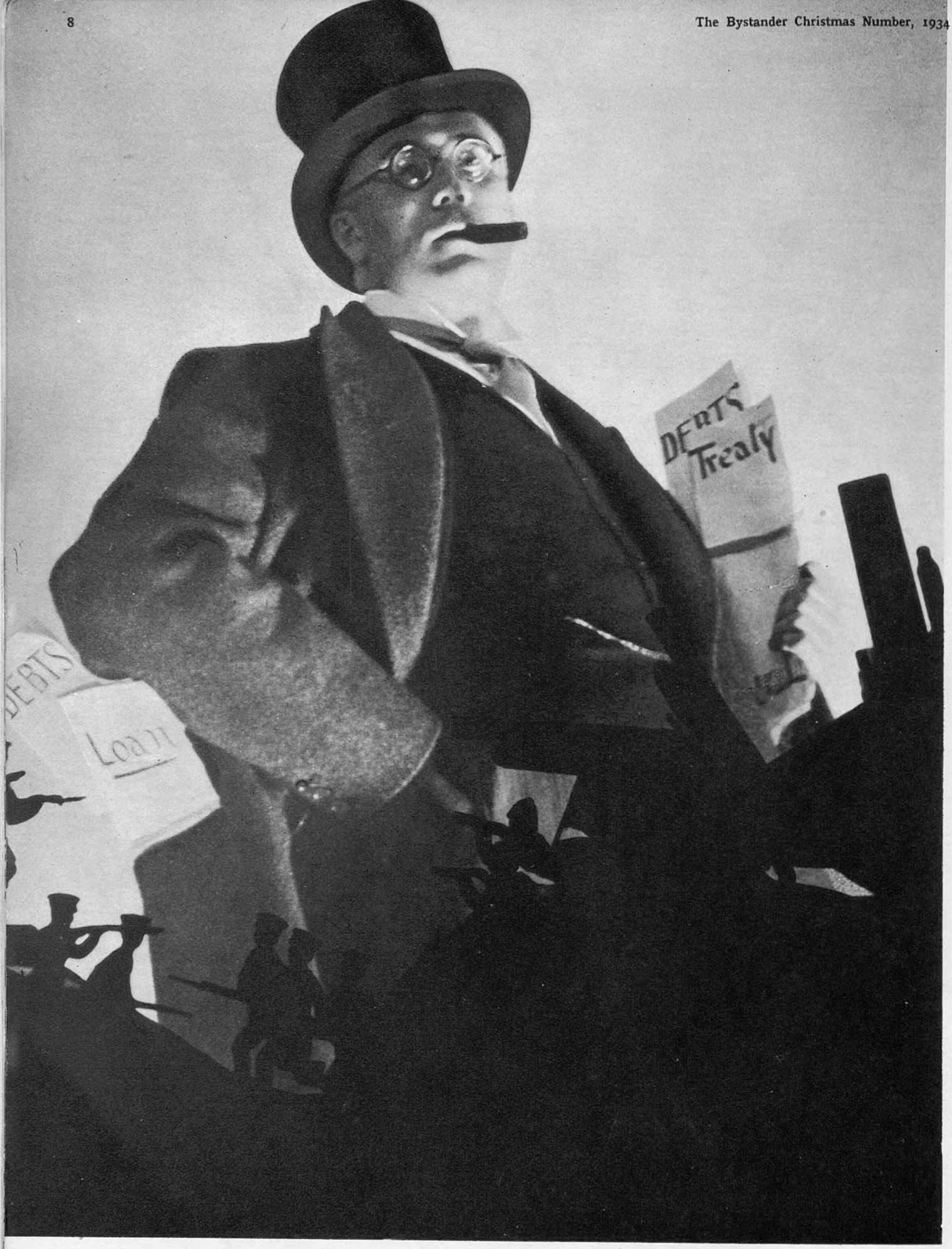
GENTLY she replaced Bobby and Stephen on the floor, and for half a minute she and Knut faced each other in silence. Olympia's pulses were already telling her of love. Mr. Prout was forgotten, her quest for Juan was forgotten, the lately chattering guests, now quiet and uneasy, were forgotten. The magnificence of Knut filled, not only her eyes, but her heart and her dreams of the future. Nor, it seemed, was he indifferent to the opulence of her strength and beauty.

Presently he said to Prout, who stood by his side: "There 's a mountain tribe near Ba-tang where the men

(Continued on page iv)



"Meadows, Major Gore-Bloodworthy hasn't a cracker!"



Disarmament

By E. Heimann

The Watch Committee

By Bertram Park

"Oi!"

The Friend of Man

The Green-Eyed Goddess appears in Comedy

By Stella Gibbons

Illustrated by John Reynolds

On her thirty-first birthday an old friend of Pandora Bland's gave her a picture.

It was a coloured print about sixty years old, issued by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and intended (the friend pointed out) "to combine the education of children with pleasure." It showed a large, noble, brown dog carrying a basket, against a background of brilliant green rushes and pink flowers.

"The dog," began the four inches of informative printing beneath, "is the Friend of Man."

"And so are you, Pandora, and that's why I've given you this for a birthday present."

"Well, really!" said Pandora, beginning to laugh, but aware that at the back of her mind there was a sensation of pain. "How absurd! I don't know what you mean."

And it was true; she was not quite sure if her friend meant what Pandora feared that she meant. Pandora was not a witty or a very quick-minded person, but she was a good listener, kind and well-balanced, inexhaustibly sympathetic, yet sensible. These qualities gave her a unique position in a circle of witty, brilliant, discontented people who belonged to the small world of literary London, and whose capacity for falling in love with the wildly wrong person was as deep as Pandora's capacity for giving excellent advice.

"Well . . ." said her friend, "you're the only person in our circle who's never had an affair with Naylor, aren't you? Or with David? Or with Jacky? Or with little Marriot? Or with Michael? And yet you're friends with all of them. I think you're marvellous. I don't know how you do it. I suppose you're just under-sexed."

And the friend, who was not under-sexed, sighed.

Pandora did not reply, because she was embarrassed. She disliked talking about such subjects unless she was giving advice about them, and even then these were the only confidences which she did not encourage. She poked her coal fire and asked the friend if she would not have some more toast. The friend said "No"; that she had promised to look in at Lallie's and hear all about it. She stood up, looking round the quiet room with that wistful expression which is worn by those who have to leave a pleasant, peaceful place in order to look in on someone and hear all about it.

"It seems such a shame, Pandora. You were made . . ."

But here she paused, because, judged by the standard of that circle in which she and Pandora moved, she could not honestly say that Pandora was made for love, nor yet for that casual association, that mutual trying-out of pampered personalities, which passed with them for marriage; and which was so easily and so frequently dissolved.

"You ought to have an affair," she ended lamely.

"You ought to go, or Lallie will be wondering if you're coming at all," retorted Pandora, a shade less calmly than usual.

"But, honestly, Pandora. It isn't normal. You'll develop repressions."

"Too late. I'm seething with them," said Pandora briefly, and she stood up.

When she came slowly back into the firelit room, she crossed to the fireplace and stood for a little while, looking down into the flames, with her foot resting on the copper fender. The picture, in its red frame, lay where her friend had put it, in the seat of the big armchair. At the back of her mind there was the knowledge that she ought to be wondering where to hang it.

But she still stood there, staring into the flames.

Pandora was in love; in the shy, brusque, rather boyish way in which lonely women fall in love, whose youth was passed in those immediate post-war years when it was fashionable for women to be either loose or vaguely masculine.

Pandora's personality was not masculine, but her dark and beautifully tailored suits, her square signet ring, and her shingled head were a little less feminine than is fashionable in 1934.

She was stamped "1924," as definitely as a first edition is stamped.

And now (she told herself) she was too old to change, and she did not want to change. But she was extremely lonely; she longed painfully to be married to the man with whom she had fallen in love after five years of listening to his confidences. She longed to have a child, to leave the important and fashionable library in the West End of London, in which she worked, and to spend long days buried in a home, baking cakes instead of listening to other people's wails about their love-affairs.

But when she tried to fit Jacky into a home in which one could be buried, and bake cakes, her honest mind rejected the picture.

Jacky, the faun-like, the irresponsible, the eternally young, refused to be fitted. He refused to appear in her imagination as the father of a child. Her painfully honest imagination presented her with a picture of Jacky bored by domesticity and distracted by a child. Besides, apart from these disadvantages, he did not love her; and all dreams were neurotic, morbid, a waste of time.

Jacky was not used to seeing it on the faces of Pandora's men friends, either, and when he arrived half an hour after Mr. Carter

It was a hopeless situation, that was all; a mess. She was in a mess, like Lallie, Michael, Jacky, little Marriot, old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all. She kept her mess to herself, and thereby retained her self-respect, but it was a mess, for all that.

She moved the picture on to the hearthrug without taking her stare off the flames, slipped on to her knees, and crouched there, still thinking.

Suppose she were not herself?

WHAT would she have told a woman of thirty-one who was in love with a divorced man, and who wanted to win his love?

"I should tell myself to make him jealous," she thought.

But that was horrible; that was a kind of blasphemy against their years of pleasant friendship.

"All the same," persisted her honesty, "it would probably work. He's vain, like a child; he can't bear one's attention turned away from him for a minute. (I don't mind that; I love him for it.) Jealousy would make him notice me in a different way; now he takes me for granted. He just never sees me. I'm just a listening-machine that he can talk to about Laura."

Laura, that worthless but fascinating woman, was Jacky's ex-wife. Jacky was still in love with her. His friends said that this was because he had no longer got her, and Pandora tried to believe that this was not true.

Jealousy, thought Pandora . . .

She was painfully restless. The calm, pleasant surface of her life felt as though it was being cracked in every direction by strong forces. Love was running warmly under the ice of her self-control, forcing her to humiliating and desperate decisions. She felt that if she had to spend another year of interesting, congenial work during the days, and sensitive, cultured, intelligent talk in the evenings, she would go mad or die.

It was not enough. She wanted more. She was desperately tired of being the friend of man and listening to men's confidences, and being forgotten when they left her. It was not that she wanted them to fall in love with her; she would have been distressed (so she told herself) if they had. She firmly quelled the beginnings of sentiment such as some of her men friends had shown, because the men who offered them did not move her sufficiently.

She did not want second-best. She wanted the real thing; that real thing which her friends discovered, like the gleeful followers of a treasure-hunt, every eighteen months or so.

But Pandora wanted the real thing, with Jacky, the faun, the silver-haired, the adorable, eternal child whom she yearned to mother.

And, kneeling there, her quiet face and beautiful eyes disturbed with pain and deep feeling, she had almost decided that any trick would be worth while to get what she wanted, when the door-bell rang.

Jacky. He was coming to take her out to supper.

But the man who stood there was not Jacky. Jacky towered over Pandora; this man's eyes were only a few inches above her own. She thought she had never seen such a red face, such blue eyes, such bad, anyhowish features. It was a stupid face, too. It opened in the middle, and a voice with an Australian accent said:

"Miss Bland?"

"Yes?" said Pandora, looking enquiring.

The red-faced one then smiled, showing very white but

he t.. once treated Mr. Carter's admiration of Pandora as a huge joke

irregular teeth, and took off his hat (not before it was time, thought Pandora).

"My name 's Carter. You won't know me, but you knew my sister, Grace. She was over here three years ago. I 'm over here for a bit, on business, and she said I might as well look you up. I don't know many people in London."

"Oh . . . of course, I remember Grace. The library was much duller after she left. Do come in, won't you, Mr. Carter?"

He hesitated, looking her over in a way which she found unpleasant. She had no use for Empire-builders; they bored her. She had known one or two, and preferred the sensitive, intelligent men of her own set, who knew how to treat a woman as though she were a fellow human being.

Judging by his teeth, his stare, his accent, she trembled to think how Mr. Carter would treat a woman.

Crossly, but with a serene and interested face, she took him into her sitting-room, put him into a chair, offered him a cigarette, and of course, he said no, he had his pipe, and would she mind if he smoked that instead? He said, humorously, that he knew ladies did not like the smell of a pipe in the drawing-room, but this kind was all right; it did not smell . . . much.

Pandora asked him how long he was staying here, and where, and what he thought of England, and how was Grace?

Grace was all right. She was married, and had a nipper. *She* hadn't wasted much time, had she?

And Mr. Carter laughed slyly.

It was quite frightful, decided Pandora. Most of the women in her set would have found Stanley Carter amusing and stimulating, simply because he was so different to most of the men they knew, but Pandora, a simple and serious person, did not like him at all. She looked at him remotely, as though he were a fish or a beetle. She talked to him pleasantly, and hoped that she made him feel at home, but, oh! how he bored her. What . . . *what* did one talk about to men like this? Imagine being mewed up on a sheep farm, hundreds of miles from anywhere, with a man like this!

For, of course, he was in sheep?

No; he was in wine; and he had come over here to examine avenues for the further development of their business.

That finished Pandora, who was a wine-snob. A series of terrible silences developed, in which Pandora wished desperately that Jacky would come and take her away from this man; and Mr. Carter stared at Pandora.

His face was stupid, but it betrayed what its owner was feeling, just as a child's face betrays; and it betrayed admiration, bovine and wholehearted, of Pandora's silky dark shingle, her lips touched with coral, her bright, hazel eyes and all her dark elegance.

SHE was not used to seeing this expression in the eyes of her men friends. Once or twice she had seen it, and quelled it, and it had not returned. Some people believe that an attractive woman cannot stop men falling in love with her; but she can. Pandora had stopped one or two people, because she would not accept second-best.

Jacky was not used to seeing it on the faces of Pandora's men friends, either, and when he arrived half an hour after Mr. Carter, he at once treated Mr. Carter's admiration of Pandora as a huge joke. He was too well-bred and intelligent to be rude to Mr. Carter. His manner was perfect: he asked interesting questions about the wine trade in Australia, and suggested one or two people whom Mr. Carter might profitably see in England whose names were not on Mr. Carter's list. He said that the *idea* of Australia, just the whole vast conception of it, lying there sullenly at the other side of the world, had always appealed to him curiously since he had read Lawrence's *Boy in the Bush* and *Kangaroo*.

Mr. Carter said that he had not read either of them. Silences began to fall again. Jacky gave Pandora a long, mischievous look charged with malicious sympathy and comprehension. At last:

"Well, Miss Bland and I were going out to get some dinner. . . . would you care to join us?"

"It 's very kind of you, but, thanks all the same, I think I must be toddling back to my digs. I told them I 'd be in for dinner. Good-bye. Good-bye, Miss Bland. Very pleased to have met you."

"You must come to a party sometime," said Pandora, taking him down her narrow hall. "I have them once a month. They 're rather fun. Do you care for parties?"

It was a silly question to ask of that stocky, red-faced man. She realised that as her words died into the silence. He looked down at her, and said with tremendous earnestness and a would-be winning smile:

"I 'd care for *anything you* asked me to."

"Oh, my goodness!" thought Pandora.

"Good-night," she said charmingly, and waved him down the stairs.

She found Jacky sprawling on her divan with his arms behind his head, staring at the ceiling. He slowly turned his head to look at her as she came in, and said in his deep, effective voice: "My dear, a scalp! Veritably and definitely a scalp. *What* a type! But quite a good fellow, I should think, under all that strong and silent stuff. *Genuine* is the word, I believe. That 's how I should sum him up. He fell for you like hot butter, didn't he?"

There was not a shade of anything in his voice but lazy amusement. Some strong feeling seemed to rush to a head in Pandora's heart, and break. She decided to abandon her scruples. She could bear this no more. And Mr. Carter should be the instrument which should win the game for her.

"I think," she said lightly, "that he 's attractive. He 's different, anyway. I shall have him here again."

"My dear one!"

"Really, Jacky. I shall. I like him."

"Nonsense! You might as well like a whole continent. Damn him for being here when I want to talk to you, anyway. God! I 've been through hell since Friday . . .!"

And tucking Pandora and her fur cape under his arm, swinging her along to the little cheap café where they often dined, he told her at length exactly what the nature and extent of hell had been.

It hung ludicrously round his neck, like something out of a film by the Marx Brothers

Mr. Carter, walking home through the winter twilight to his hotel in Bloomsbury, also summed Jacky up in one word, his grace and his silver mop of hair, his boyish manner and B.B.C. accent. The word was not "genuine"; it was a rude wine-merchant word. It relieved Mr. Carter's feelings, and he spent the rest of the evening playing billiards in a pub in Tottenham Court Road and wondering when he could call on Pandora again.

It would not be quite true to say that he had fallen in love with her. It was not in his nature to do so serious a thing quickly. He was not susceptible. He had been much run after by women who were anxious to get married, and he had a healthy sense of his own value. He was thirty years old, part-proprietor of a nice little expanding business, owner of a rather pretty house in the suburbs of Melbourne. He was wary, a little malicious and "knowing" about attractive women. "Time enough" he would answer, when his sister said he ought to marry. He never suffered from scruples, remorse, or introspection, but he knew what he wanted his wife to be like, and Pandora surprisingly resembled that image.

He liked her elegance, so different from the ordinary smartness of the girls he knew at home. He liked the gentleness and womanly softness which he divined, as a "dowser" divines sweet water, beneath the surface-rock of her culture and poise.

She did not frighten him. All that stuff about books. . . . it slid off him like raindrops. He had none of the reverence which the half-educated have for culture. He was not interested, that was all. When Pandora and Jacky began to talk in a way which he could not understand, he let his mind slip off comfortably on to other thoughts, and it stayed there until the other two had finished.

If Pandora was to be had, he was going to have her.

He determined to telephone and ask her to go to a theatre with him, two days after he had first seen her, but he did not have to take the initiative.

PANDORA, steadily following up her plan, wrote to him on the day after their meeting and asked him to a party.

He accepted: and went in an inquisitive, slightly jeering, perfectly self-confident mood. "The Aborigine," Lallie at once nicknamed him; "He rather intrigues me," she said. She attached herself to him, complacently unaware that her nervous mannerisms repelled him and that he thought her dress ugly. She had never met a man with character; she had only known men with personality, and with such she was successful.

Carter had not dreamed that such people existed.

They were the usual, over-intelligent, nervously-exhausted, witty and tolerant people who go to certain parties, but he thought them "rotten." A rotten crew, he thought, steadily watching Pandora, in her coral-red dress, pouring cocktails.

He stood, balancing slightly on his heels, sipping his womanish drink and wishing it was beer; he was as conspicuous as a stone post in that fluid crowd.

Someone's going to take her out of all this, he thought; and his red face looked stupider, less expressive than ever, as his determination grew.

"Enjoying yourself?" enquired Pandora, stopping near him for a few moments, according to plan. She could see, without looking, that Jacky was watching her. Was it going to work, this shameful plot? Was it?

"Fair to middling."

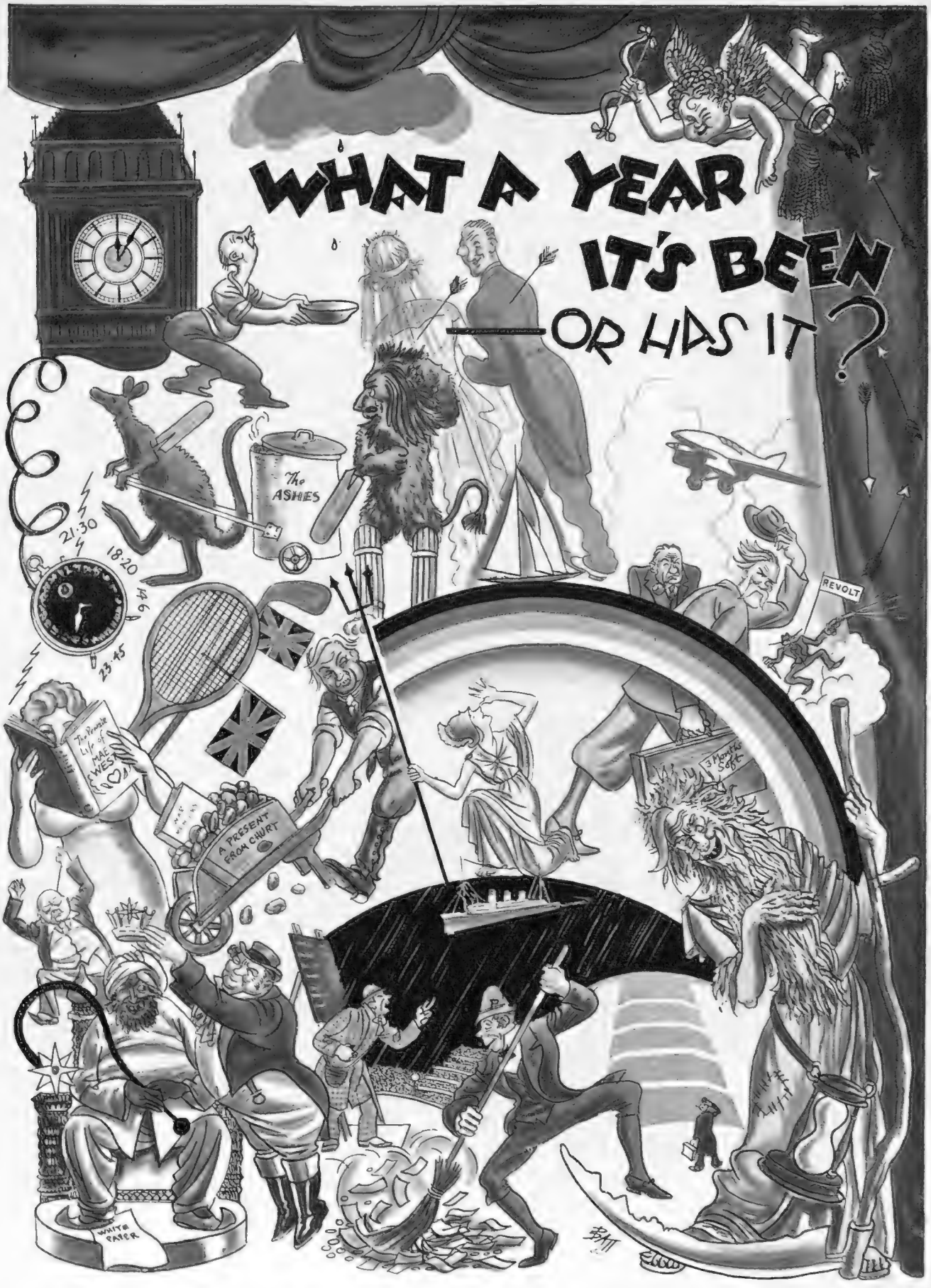
"Only fair to middling? Well, you are a candid guest, I must say!"

"No offence?" he said, a little anxiously, but he did not look anxious. He had a way of staring, so steadily, so openly, that was embarrassing. It was like a child's stare, but behind it lay the purpose of a man. It embarrassed Pandora, who was used to skilfully turning such stares. She could not turn this one. Instead, she turned away her own eyes.

"Oh, none. We all say what we think, here, you know."

"You do, do you? Well, I've heard a few things to-night . . ."

(*Continued on page 72*)



PREPARING YOU FOR A "BYSTANDER" SURVEY OF 1934, BY OUR BELIEVE-IT-OR-NOT DEPARTMENT

WHAT A YEAR IT'S BEEN—OR HAS IT?

And so it went on . . .

A Few Profound Sidelights on the Harlequinade of 1934

By A. G. Macdonell

Illustrated by Nicholas Bentley

Silver would fall disastrously

ANOTHER melancholy year gone by. Another nail in the coffin of Old England. Another step towards bankruptcy and collapse. Can you wonder that we are a nation of pessimists? For centuries now we have faced nothing but gloom and disaster, and we have become accustomed to skies so loaded with dark clouds that there isn't a vestige of a silver lining anywhere, and if a silver lining did suddenly appear, you may be perfectly certain that the price of silver would fall at that precise moment so disastrously that the value of an acre of cloud-lining would be about three shillings and fourpence. Nothing ever goes right in this unfortunate country. Just look at the record of 1934; a long list of unrelieved calamity. It is true, of course, that Great Britain during the year regained her old position as the chief exporting country of the world, and tub-thumpers and foolish optimists will be shouting that that is a good sign. In a sense, I suppose, it might be described as a good sign, but not as anything else. Just look at our unemployed figures. I admit that they have gone down by about half-a-million in the year, and that trade has been steadily improving all the time, and that no other country in the world can show anything like such an improvement. But there's nothing in that. You can't deceive me. The country is going to the dogs. Why, just look at the chaotic political situation we are in, what with Lib.-Nats. and Nat.-Libs. and Nat.-Labs. and Socs., and so on. Compare this confusion with the orderliness of foreign Governments. Why, I don't suppose that there have been more than ten Ministries in France during the whole year, and if you told me that there had not been more than three hundred political assassinations in Germany since last New Year's Day, I should believe you. Now have another look at our wretched muddling. No martial law, no Press-censorship, no barricades, no one starving to death, no "putsches," no coups d'état—what sort of a country do you call it? Lousy, that's what I say. You mayn't even torture a political opponent in this decadent land, let alone flog him to death.

AND what about our financial system? We put our money into the banks, and they won't give us more than ½ per cent. interest on it! What sort of a system is that? Of course, you will reply that very few of our banks went broke during 1934—hardly any of them, in fact—and, in a manner of speaking, that is the case. But I cannot help comparing that ½ per cent. with a bank I once met in Rumania which paid 25 per cent. on its deposit accounts. There's a difference for you! It just shows what can be done outside this miserable, wobbling country. I am perfectly prepared to admit that the Rumanian bank put up its shutters after about six weeks, and the manager has not been heard of since. But still, it was working on the right principles. Whereas, over here, the system is all wrong.

The 1934 Budget was balanced, with a handsome surplus, and income tax was reduced, but I can only regard these occurrences with very grave misgiving. They must have been flukes, pure and simple, and any country which is content to run its financial policy on flukes is heading for disaster. How infinitely better to have a good, sound, honest deficit, like every other country in the world, rather than to juggle precariously with surpluses and such-like chancy things. No. No one is more anxious than myself to look on the bright side of our national finance during 1934, but I cannot help wishing with all my heart that we had based ourselves upon a strong deficit with which we could have laid down some new 35,000-ton battleships.

TURNING from these gloomy matters to the hardly less important realm of international sport, we find the same sorry tale. For many years now, Great Britain has taken a very back seat in every athletic pastime, and 1934 was no exception. Calamity began at once. On the second and third days of the year, the M.C.C. was utterly routed in the second Test Match at Melbourne by 111 runs, thus demonstrating once again the invincible superiority of the Cornstalks in our national game. It was but a small consolation for this reverse that in the subsequent Test Matches in Australia, the M.C.C. won by 338 runs, six wickets, and eight wickets, and thereby won the rubber by the overwhelming margin of four matches to one. I cannot help feeling very strongly that we would have been heavily and deservedly beaten if our team had not been a good deal better than the Australians. Naturally, England was routed in the First Test at Nottingham, in June, when the Australians came over here, and after snatching a victory at Lord's

The Rumanian bank put up its shutters

Competitors arrived from every country

Golosh-welders shot themselves

by the narrowest possible margin of an innings and 38 runs, went on to the final match at the Oval without the faintest hope of putting up a fight. In golf, the Americans swept the board, as I expected. They won the Walker Cup and the Amateur Championship, and had the worst possible luck in the Open. I maintain that they would have had a walk-over in the Open if only they could have holed the course in fewer strokes than Henry Cotton and Padgham and Brews, as they were fully entitled to expect that they would do.

SWIFTLY on the heels of the American bad luck in the Open golf, came the amazing bad luck of the whole world in the Lawn Tennis Championships at Wimbledon. Competitors arrived from every country of the civilised world, and from Germany, and the handful of British competitors stood sheepishly in corners and goggled in admiration at these great ones of the earth, who leapt and smashed and volleyed so irresistibly. But somehow or other, luck was against the mighty. They played vastly superior tennis. That goes without saying. But Miss Round of Great Britain won the Ladies' Singles Championship of the World, and Mr. Perry of Great Britain won the Gentlemen's Singles Championship of the World. And although no one would dream of suggesting that Mr. Perry is in the same class as Mr. Crawford of Australia, whom he beat in the final, it just shows what a vast deal luck has to do with high-class lawn tennis that this was Mr. Perry's eighth victory over the great Mr. Crawford in eleven matches.

The melancholy tale goes on. The United States, by brilliant tennis, smashed their way through to the final of the Davis Cup, and displayed the most superlative form in the challenge round against this unhappy country. On the first day's play, Messrs. Wood and Shields gave an exhibition of the art of playing singles that will not readily be forgotten by those who were privileged to watch them, and they received an ungrudging ovation when they won two sets between them against Messrs. Perry and Austin, who somehow or other managed to win six sets, and all four singles.

THE decadence of Britain has even extended to rowing. Herr Buhtze, of Germany, won the Diamond Sculls at Henley against the pick of the scullers of our island race, and no one has yet solved the extraordinary mystery of how on earth Leander won the Grand Challenge Cup. One solution has been put forward which seems moderately reasonable: namely, that in practically every heat Leander beat the record for the course.

In the great mile race of the year, Mr. Lovelock managed to scrape home in front of the mighty Mr. Bonthron, of Princeton, probably only because Mr. Lovelock is admittedly the fastest miler in the world and is the world-record holder. That sort of thing just shows how flimsy are the foundations upon which an occasional British victory is based.

Let us leave this tragic list of athletic reverses. I, for one, hold most positively to the opinion that we shall never be able to hold up our heads in these international contests until we treat them more as a serious business and less as a game.

THE weather in 1934 would have been, I feel certain, the usual dingy, cheerless, soggy gloom which is called—and rightly called—the English Summer, had it not been for the strange meteorological caprice which sent us a blaze of sunshine day after day for month after month. The consequences of this freak were incalculable. On all sides umbrella-factories either closed down altogether, or else were forced to convert their plant and machinery—always a very costly business—to the manufacture of parasols and sunshades. Muffler-makers went bankrupt; golosh-welders shot themselves in scores; gumboot-moulders and the affiliated trade of gumboot-riveters, went mad all over the country, especially in Manchester; and the textile trades had to turn from the construction of respectable mackintoshes and fling themselves, in a debauched manner, into the production of bathing-costumes of a scantiness and an abandon that brought many a blush of shame to the cheeks of the West Riding of Yorkshire. The medical profession, for many years grown accustomed to send its family to the seaside in August on the profits of the July catarrhs, colds, chills, sooting-up of the bronchial tubes, seizing of the tonsils, and cracking of the ball-race in the adenoids, found its normal budget sadly unbalanced by the abounding, the distressingly abounding, good health of the Citizenry. Manufacturers of artificial bronzes and tans sent a deputation to the President of the Board of Trade to appeal for a measure of Protection, in the form of a gigantic awning, against the rays of the midday sun, and in this they received the pure-minded and disinterested support of the Federation of British Awning-manufacturers. The President, however, confined himself to the simple statement that the deputation could rest assured that he would explore every avenue. Later on, he added, he might possibly send up a kite.

ANOTHER strange and depressing feature of the brilliant summer, was the number of new swimming-baths which were built all over the country. They naturally received the blessing of the Ministry of Health, which exists, in spite of its name, to improve the health of the country, and it is estimated that the general hygiene-index of the populace would have been raised from $3x+yp^2 \div 11v$ as high as $a\sqrt{4cy}+b^3a \div -32°$—or even a little higher (according to Professor Blimp), had it not been for the order of the Ministry of Health forbidding the use of water in these swimming-baths. I think it was Wordsworth who said, while discussing daffodils with Samuel Taylor Coleridge, that a swimming-bath is vastly improved with a little water.

WELL, there it is. We shall long look back upon 1934 as a black year in the long, black annals of our unhappy country. Industry at a standstill, except for the industries which are actually working; agriculture ruined, for the sixty-fourth year in succession; farmers driven mad by the amount of haymaking they have had to do, because the dommed sun would keep on shining; mosquitoes dying in droves owing to the scarcity of marshland; slow bowlers breaking their hearts and fast bowlers bruising their toes. A melancholy tale. And I have small doubt that 1935 will be just as bad, if not worse. But I suppose we shall muddle through in the same old way

British competitors goggled sheepishly

Wordsworth discussing daffodils with S. T. Coleridge

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1934

All A-Blowin' !—A Dog's-Eye View of the Unrecorded Scandals of 1934

When a promising crop of gilt-edged Levantines failed and recovering subsequently on advice from the Home Office (Deportation Dept.).

By D. B. Wyndham-Lewis

Sketches by Goetz

HAVING been asked by the Editor of the BYSTANDER to pass briefly in review the juicier British scandals of 1934, I have run a critical eye through my diary and made a discreet selection. Even then I 'm afraid the whole thing will be rather distressing, except to our readers.

However—

This year's scandals compare fairly favourably with those of 1933, 1932, and the vintage year, 1930, when dear old Admiral Bowline, despite the repeated warnings of his friends, * * * * * * * * * * * * * * and had to join the little colony of exiles from the Homeland in Florence. "Well," as Dean Bingle pointed out to the Duchess, "we did our utmost for him, the old maritime yurp."

Most of the strictly social scandals of 1934 have been routine, and call for little notice. Home Débutantes were firm, rallying in June on advices from America, dropping a few points towards the middle of the season, when a promising new crop of gilt-edged Levantines failed, and recovering subsequently on advices from the Home Office (Deportation Dept.). The exciting scuffle between two prominent rival mothers and hostesses in the Magnifique Restaurant over a wealthy young baronet in July was refereed by Bud Buzzaway, the American negro jazz conductor, Society's idol during a brief but delirious visit to these shores. The Hon. "Gaga" Fidgett, whose mother lost the decision owing to a beautiful return smash with a finger-bowl, was greatly consoled by the charming impromptu lines of "Puffles" Herrick, the well-known Mayfair poet—

A Bart as soft, a Bart as kind,
A Bart as sound and free
As in the whole world thou canst find,
That Bart I 'll give to thee.

THERE was a little religious trouble in August, when the opening ceremonies of the exclusive new Temple of the Triangular Sun in Bond Street, impressively conducted in golden robes by Kalon, the tall, bronzed, inscrutable High Flamen of this interesting new faith, coincided with complaints by several dowagers involving missing jewellery and loose change. The dignified rejoinder of the High Flamen to Scotland Yard was the talk of the town.

Remaining scandals of the year may be conveniently grouped under their respective headings :

He haughtily refused to reply

I said "Or a kick in the pants"

SCIENCE

THE odd behaviour of Professor Gape, who tricycled through Cambridge in September, wearing nothing but his spectacles and a wreath of artificial honeysuckle and shouting shrilly at intervals: "Stop the Bunk!" aroused a certain amount of comment.

Professor Gape said to an interviewer—

"I did it as a general protest against science. The annual output of bunk from scientists $= \frac{Vr + \int t\,(rr-O)^{2\cdot t}}{\sqrt{s}\left(\frac{30T}{V}\right)^{2}}$, and, in addition, most of them have faces like dogs. I have no personal feeling against men like Addle, Gumphausen, Pillbury, and Eggbaum, but I just think the whole thing—I mean science—ought to stop. In addition, I am pursued daily by emus on roller-skates."

The Vice-Chancellor observed acidly that no official notice could be taken of protests made by persons without trousers.

"He hurt my lovely, lovely blooms"

ART

THE autumn sculpture exhibition of the great Burpstein provided a nine-days' sensation. One entire room was taken up by an enormous square block of reinforced concrete labelled "Fatherhood." Interviewed by a critic on the opening day, Burpstein replied with his usual calm insolence—

"How long did this fine work take you, Mr. Burpstein?"

"Three minutes."

"That is not long for such a strong piece of dynamic objectiveness!"

"No; not long."

"You interpret fatherhood, I observe, in terms of a three-dimensional rhythm with constant yet plastic values?"

"Yes; or a kick in the pants."

"I beg your pardon?"

"I said 'Or a kick in the pants.'"

"I 'm afraid I don't quite understand."

The critic persisting in reverently assuming some esoteric meaning in the great chunk of concrete, Burpstein at length strolled round the back of it and opened a trap-door, releasing Les Vingt Jackson's Girls, who tripped out gaily, thumbed their noses at the astounded smart mob, and broke into a saucy dance, while Burpstein yelled with laughter.

"It 's a property rock, you ruddy fools!" said the great sculptor at length, wiping his eyes and driving the art-worshippers out.

I am pursued daily by emus on roller-skates

HORTICULTURE

ALLEGING that his own roses bade him a daintier, dewier good morning as he tripped down his garden path than the roses at "Twynynges," Mr. Dickery Deedles' lovely Tudor cottage at King's Teasing, Bucks, Mr. Twitters, a literary neighbour, garden-lover, and rival, took a little stick and beat one of Mr. Deedles' rose-trees in a fit of jealousy.

"He hurt my lovely, lovely blooms," said Mr. Deedles with great emotion, "and I can never, never forgive him. Every time I speak to them now I cry. It is dreadful to think the world is so brutal. The man who would hurt a single defenceless rose would embroil civilisation in bloody war."

Mr. Twitters' own roses having subsequently been discovered by detectives in the employ of Mr. Deedles' publishers to be made of rubber and tin, his next garden book, which was to have been the Book of the Month, will now be "highly recommended," several rich women having pleaded successfully for their favourite author.

The great heart of the English people was touched

LITERATURE

THE special Comic Supplement of *Punch*, written entirely by clergymen and Test cricketers, was banned by the bookstalls on account of the grossly suggestive coloured cover, depicting a girl in the sea with practically nothing on but a bathing-costume.

Log-rolling produced only one incident worth noting, when "Mimsie" Chittering, the critic, attacked Henry Boomer, the publisher, with a club at a cocktail-party in Bloomsbury. Miss Chittering said to an interviewer—

"The lousy fish tried to double-cross me on the gross rake-off. He got Percy to get Stinker to get the Higgs gang to butt into my graft, and as a result, 'Uncle' cut off supplies, though I 'd boosted three of Babs's rotten books to the skies already. So I just up and beaned him."

Mr. Boomer merely said—

"She is a hell-cat, a mopsy, a gadabout, a trollop, a gold-digger, a trull, and of no permanent value to Literature."

MUSIC

NO scandal out of the ordinary occurred during the year, except that Mr. Eric Razzle, the eminent light comedy composer, produced a brilliant new work which three leading critics in due course recognised to be the complete score of *The Merry Widow* with a few pages of *Parsifal* tacked on.

"I don't care a damn," said Mr. Razzle laughingly, when his attention was called to this oversight.

FINANCE

A NEW note was struck by Sir Midas Caliban, who, on the eve of the big crash, broadcast to all the Press large studio photographs of himself tenderly fondling the long silky ears of his golden retriever, Ponto. The great heart of the English people was touched. "A pair-r-r-r-son o' such big-hair-r-r-r-tedness," said the Prime Minister in the House, gripping his lapels, "canna' be a wr-r-r-r-awng yin." Sir Midas is down for a baronetcy in the New Year.

Attacked Henry Boomes, the publisher, with a club

The tennis stars' Mutual Protection Association is said to be responsible for her mysterious disappearance in September

SPORT

LAWN tennis provided the most curious scandal of 1934. In July, Ursula Whammitt, the massive Wimbledon star who never played hell with anybody on principle, stayed a week at a country house in Sussex, used her own car, paid for her own washing, tipped all the servants, came down punctually to meals, declined shyly to be photographed or interviewed for the Press, was never once offensive to her hostess or other guests, showed no conceit or temperament, damaged no furniture or ornaments, and left owing nobody a penny.

The Tennis Stars' Mutual Protection Association is supposed to be responsible for her mysterious disappearance in September.

WHAT A YEAR IT'S BEEN — OR HAS IT? (Continued)

Certain Interludes which did'nt make

MAE WEST as Honorary Colonel of THE GUARDS

Life brighter in 1934: By PATRICK BELLEW.

A FOX getting its own back

Right:
THE BABY who was born a true FASCIST

PUBLIC ENEMY No. 1 attending the POLICE BALL

WHAT A YEAR IT'S BEEN— OR HAS IT? (Continued)

On your right, Ladies and Gentlemen, we have our first Exhibit, the

PLAYWRITE
(Collaboratur Sexualis)

These creatures, unlike their sterner forebears, may often be found hunting in couples. At one time the species became almost extinct owing to the great toll taken on its numbers by vandal critics.

We will now pass on to the—

FLYING GIRL (Aviatrix Gogetta)

I must apologise for this specimen, but it has been slightly damaged by a Moth. This rapidly increasing species has a habit of migrating to the uttermost ends of the earth on the slightest provocation, and may easily be distinguished by its shrill reiterated cry: "I did it on——Mixture."

And, on your right, the

CROONER

or Lesser Skat Singer (*Vodeodo Inanus*). Thrives in hot, moist atmosphere. This specimen, a Rogue Crooner, was shot in self-defence by his Old Mammy.

FED with STRAW

Puppets of 1934

By FRANK FORD

On the stand above we behold the

HIKER (Perambulator Rusticanus)

This strange beast emerges from obscurity during the summer months, when it may be seen roaming over the countryside either singly, in pairs, or in large droves. It is of a bold, enquiring nature, and has been known to settle in swarms on small, undefended inns on hot days.

Careful note should be paid to the

LADY NOVELIST (Swoopus Scriblata)

These sometimes lurk under deep thatches and have been known to terrorise whole villages. Will pounce upon most unlikely victims in their tireless search for "copy."

And lastly, good people, don't miss the

MANNEQUIN (Hippa Rotata)

noted for its great height and rapid changes of plumage. When aware of close scrutiny, will posture and gyrate in its own peculiar fashion. Will not eat out of the hand, but will often respond to offers of dinner or entertainment.

WHAT A YEAR IT'S BEEN—OR HAS IT? (Continued)

No News is Good News, or the Cream of the News that didn't happen in 1934

Evening Kit Inspection at the new Police College by the Rt. Hon. J. H. Thomas

Mr. Bernard Shaw attempts to avoid the Press photographer on his return to this country from Timbuctoo, where he has been spending a short holiday

Puss in Boots

Just one of our stock fills-up. This picture has proved a godsend to Art Editors. It appeared 213 times in various papers during 1934

Hitler presents a flag to the New Zionist Storm Troops Detachment

At the request of the League of Nations, the Aldershot Tattoo has been abandoned and a Peace Parade substituted

A Dramatic Short Story by the Author of "His Monkey Wife"

Gone Native

By John Collier

Illustrations by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.

I was grand Pooh-bah for Mecklenbergers—rubber. My spot was Kabeke, a river place, of course, and just about the worst of them. When I 'd been there about a year, and that was in the year after the war, Charles Herker came through.

You 'd call him an odd sort of chap. Perhaps it 's odd, though, there weren't more like him in those days. I 'd known him before the war, and I 'd seen him soon after: two utterly different men. I often think the worst casualties were among those who went through the thick of it without a scratch.

We 'd known one another pretty well as boys. His father was the parson of our village. Hon. and Rev. sort of parson, his father was, a man with a face like Dante's. Charles was like most other young men of his sort: a bit intense, perhaps, a bit Rupert Brooke-ish. He enjoyed things.

Anyway, the war changed all that. I was put out early on: I never came across him in France. But when he came back, I saw he was worse than shell-shocked—he was *man*-shocked: the worst case of it I ever saw. I rushed round to see him. He came out to meet me, said all the sort of things I was saying. The only thing was, he couldn't quite conceal a steady, quiet, final sort of disgust with me because I was human.

However, he was obviously intent on getting over it, and I wanted him to, so I noticed nothing. He seemed to be getting it out of his system, and I had forgotten that when some bruises disappear it means they 've gone in. Then there was a rather nasty bus-and-car smash right under our very noses in the village. He behaved with great humanity—and with an utter, fundamental indifference that made me realise things. Not so when a dog was trapped, however.

Then I got the Mecklenbergers job, and the next I saw of him was out there at Kabeke. He 'd left almost immediately after I did: gone to Brussels, put his bit of money in a Belgian firm with an English name—African Timbers. Now he was out to prospect for rare woods.

Of course, he had to push on to higher ground than my beastly swamp. He went on two or three hundred miles, till he got on the first slopes of the Mountains of the Moon.

That 's the gorilla country.

The mountains lift themselves out of the jungle, like a bather out of the surf. The jungle rushes up at them, mounting high in every watered scoop; giant fern, giant heather, trees that *are* trees again; and then the bare shoulders of the hills lifting into the giant sky. There 's nothing like high country in the Tropics.

Charles made his base pretty high up, with the whole mountain-side falling away below his verandah, and ten thousand square miles of jungle stretched out like a carpet beneath. As I say, I used to go up there every half-year or so: Charles gave me half a welcome. Half of him was very glad to see me, that is, and half wasn't. Half was enough for me, though, throwing our old friendship, and the cool nights up there, into the balance.

The first time I went, nothing much happened. I took a boat's crew as far up the stream as we could get, left them in camp, and did the rest with a couple of boys, so as not to put too much strain on his arrangements. I liked the place he 'd made for himself—the only odd thing about it was that he 'd put his own boys right away from him. Their huts were out of sight and earshot, away round the face of the hill. The usual misanthropic sort of chap, who squats three hundred miles from the nearest white man, is generally extra matey with the blacks.

At our first greeting, I must say, I thought it was going to be a very sticky visit. Imagine some unhappy, deformed creature, who had become a solitary in order to forget it, being suddenly confronted with a mirror. I could see that I reminded him that he was human: the very thing he was trying to forget. Still, he said all the polite things, and that night, when we sat outside in the darkness, our chairs just slightly divergent, so that we were just two disembodied voices, the other side came out. He was as lonely as the devil, of course. There was something terribly pathetic about it.

"What 's going to happen to him?" I thought. "And what 's going to happen to Joan?"

That was still more serious. I knew her as well as I knew him: her family were neighbours of ours. They 'd got engaged on one of his leaves, when she was hardly out of the schoolroom. She 'd talked a lot about him to me after I was crocked. You know the sort of notions girls of that age can get about a man,

especially in war time—knight-in-armour sort of thing, you know. She 'd scarcely seen him since, except for that short spell after he was demobbed. I didn't know how things stood between them. But I did know the idea of him she 'd built up, and the sort of loyalty she had to it.

" How about Joan ? " I said to him.

" She 's very well, thank you," said he.

There was no getting past that. I can tell you, I felt damned worried about it. I liked the girl, you see. In fact——

Anyway, I felt a jolly sight more worried next time I saw Charles. I 'd had a letter or two from her in the interior, asking things about him which you 'd have thought he 'd have told her himself. It was obvious he was writing either nothing at all to her or something very strange indeed.

When I next saw him he was definitely worse instead of better. He still made the effort at being hearty, and it still sincerely expressed some real need in him. But he wouldn't look at me. He kept his eyes on the ground, in the corner of the room, anywhere. Sometimes, as if he couldn't resist some morbid curiosity, he 'd give me a long stare, but that was always when my eyes were elsewhere. I 'd feel it, and as soon as I looked, he 'd move his eyes away. There was enough of quiet madness in it to give me a shiver.

Our talk, too, was a strange, crippled sort of thing. It was as if he wanted to get through to me, but every subject we opened on led him in a sentence or two to the edge of his phobia about the world of men. Then we 'd dry up for half an hour, and try again, and dry up again.

We got going once, though, on the sensations of being alone on those mountains. He had quite a burst of eloquence. Talked of a sort of Nirvana : of losing all consciousness and identity ; of actually becoming every wind that blew on his face, every smell it brought, every tree he could see, every cry he could hear.

" There 's one thing," he said. " The brooks about here haven't got any books in 'em. Now, the Kennett " (our village at home was on the Kennett), " that 's a whole damned library. You can't wash off your leprosy in a library. The stones here don't scream sermons at you. God ! I remember the stones of Rheims ! Sometimes I think if I couldn't clean myself in this vast innocence, which is so vast that even what collects in my mind can't stain it, I should . . . I should go mad."

" Oh, Lord ! " I thought.

" *I 've got a friend,*" he said.

The strange tone in which he said it made my blood run cold. It was vague, so remote, lost, shy. As if I could create ordinariness by assuming it, I said : " Who ? M'baku ? I like the look of that chap. Straight as a die, I should think."

M'baku was his head boy.

" Ugh ! " said he. " That ——! That ——! *No.*"

" No," he said, " I met him down below there. I went down alone to look at some wood I 've got seasoning—to try it. He was there."

" What ? A pigmy ? " I said. For there are only a few wandering pigmies over all these hills. " You can't talk their lingo."

" I don't want to talk," he said. " And it wasn't a pigmy, anyway. It was a . . . what does it matter ? We looked at one another. His gentle curiosity took the mess on my mind as if it was the rind of a fruit—took it, and looked at it, and dropped it. You know that gesture ? " He made a movement with his hand, as if in imitation.

" What the hell 's that ? " I thought, for it seemed familiar. However, I had something to ask him. Before I could get it out :

" I was curious, too," he said ; " but I didn't drop what *I* saw."

" How long is it before you go home ? " I said. Which meant also " What about Joan ? "

" You can imagine what it meant," he said. " A response. A response on the part of all this." He waved his hand to the wide ranges, and the foothills below us. " An acceptance," he said.

" But you won't be staying here much longer ? " I said. " Surely ! "

" He joins——"

" Charley ! " I shouted. " You 've got fever ! Listen to me ! Answer ! When do you go home ? "

He didn't answer. I heard him get up, saw him stand like a shadow against the blaze of stars, and he had entered the door of his room, which banged forbiddingly.

I sat on, devilish uneasy. " Either he 's really going mad," I thought, " or he 's got neurasthenia or something, and it 's getting worse here. Either way, he ought to be got back. Joan ought to know something about it."

There was nothing to be done that night. I turned in. Next morning there was a note on the table : " Called away for a few days. Sorry—unavoidable." There was no signature to this old scrap of formality, picked up off habit's rubbish-heap. I didn't like the automatic touch : still more, I didn't like the absence of even an initial.

I didn't know whether to go or not. I thought I must stay and see what he was like when he came back. I had to write something to Joan, you see. I couldn't think what the dickens I was to say to her in any eventuality.

What made it all the more difficult was my utter ignorance of how things stood between them. However, I dealt

Then the door flew open. I believe I let out a yell.

with that to some extent. I thought it over carefully, and then proceeded to ransack his room. It was necessary to know certain things, and I could only find them in one of Joan's letters.

THE letters were there. I set to work, quite coldbloodedly, to read them. It was necessary, that 's all. It was a job I disliked, for more reasons than one.

They were in a box, messed up with a lot of other papers. I saw the last one, which I had brought up with me, still unopened. I didn't know when he had last replied to her, as his outgoing stuff—what there was of it—came down to me in a bag, which I passed straight on.

What I wanted to know was, what she felt about the whole business. Well, there were her letters: the letters of a girl who 'd probably not seen the fellow as much as five months, in all, in the five years she 'd been engaged to him. Well, I don't know; I imagined myself able to read between the lines. The lines themselves didn't amount to much. How could they? I mean, this seemed to me a young girl's idealistic sort of feeling, which had never had a chance to develop, and which was too constant to fade off, so to speak, as I suppose usually happens. I found myself extraordinarily touched by it. It put me in mind of what one of those Russian writers said—about a whole field of flowers being mown down in a young girl's heart when her first love-affair goes wrong. I suppose they 're mown down when it goes right, often enough. However——

One thing seemed quite clear to me: that this business mustn't go wrong if it hadn't already done so. Whether it was possible for Charles to get cured, or whether the whole thing was going to turn out a tragedy, the important thing was that it should be all clear and straightforward: not go *wrong*, if you understand me; none of this business of unopened letters—of Joan not knowing, and all that.

I wanted one more look at Charles, and I hung about there waiting for him. A couple of nights later he came back when we were all asleep; he just came out of his room as usual in the morning. I had the impression he was surprised to see me: otherwise he was very cordial, and talked very sensibly. Too sensibly, perhaps: but how was I to know that what looked like a step in the right direction might equally be a disguise for a step in the wrong one? I noted all the little points I could—the chief of them was still that trick of keeping his eyes off me—and then I left.

I went on past my own place, down the river to Tuahlo—a long trip. There was a proper doctor there. I told him everything I could think of. He was very "if" and "possibly" about it, but said in the end it was far more likely to be some neurosis than actual insanity.

Standing in the doorway was a hefty young gorilla

That was enough to go on: at least, it was all I had, and I wrote to England accordingly. I told Joan every point I knew, right down to the reading of her letters, everything the doctor had said, and so forth. I told her I hadn't the faintest chance of moving Charles an inch, and that I didn't know whether she had, or whether she hadn't. I left everything to her. Which is to say, I left it to courage, loyalty, and one or two other things she stood for. I know her pretty well, you see.

Well, that letter was sent off by a 'plane from Tuahlo. I went back to my place to attend to one or two things I could not dodge, and before I was through I went down with black-water fever—the real thing. It was some weeks before I was fit to move, otherwise I should have gone up to Charles before. Meanwhile, a cable had come, to say that Joan was on her way out.

I LEFT a lot of instructions against her arrival, and set out for Charles's place. We were three-parts upstream and had put in for the night at a good camp, and I took one of the boys and a gun and went off to fill the pot. When I got back, the others were in a state of great excitement: they swore they 'd seen a whole canoe-load going downstream like wildfire. It was ten thousand to one these must be Charles's people. My lads swore there was no white man aboard. I didn't know whether to go after them, or to press on. In the end, I decided the river was split up too much to make it worth while following them, so I moved on at top speed, not knowing what I was going to find when I got there.

We left the stream, and went on over the hill tracks: at last we came out under the bluff where the hut was. From there I could see not only Charles's hut, but the place where his boys had their camp. It was ten o'clock in the morning; there was no smoke rising and not a sound.

Charles was there, though, and must have spotted us as we went on up. When we were still about half a mile away, I saw his door open, and a figure, which must have been his, come out for a moment.

God knows what passed in his mind. It took us a full quarter of an hour to get up to the hut itself, for the track was winding, as well as devilish steep. When we got there he came out again, dressed up to the nines, but with his things all buttoned up askew, and still bleeding from a hasty shave.

You remember, when you were a child, how false it sounded when grown-ups spoke to you in what they thought to be "children's language." That 's how it sounded when he spoke to me, using all the "old fellow" and "pleasant surprise" catchwords—only slightly wrong, like the buttoning of his jacket. Apart from that, he received me just as if I had dropped in for half an hour, most inopportunely, in England. Wanted to get rid of me at the first possible minute, and yet was most anxious not to show that he did.

"Look here, old chap," said he, "do you mind if your boys wait for you down below there? The fact is—you mustn't mind—I don't think my friend likes them."

"Your friend?" I said, startled out of my skin.

"In there," he said, lowering his voice and pointing to the room I 'd previously had. "Don't make a noise. He 's asleep."

Well, I managed to pull myself together, and met his fake with a fake of my own. I put on the "dropped-in-for-half-an-hour" manner, but made it clear that it was spending the day as far as my intentions went. And I meant to find excuse enough to spend the night, too. I wanted to see that friend, or to be sure it was a delusion.

However, I hadn't to wait as long as that. Charles showed himself extremely uneasy, but I politely forced myself inside. The place was in a frightful mess. He spoke very disjointedly, and always in a whisper. I followed his example, in order to keep him consistent, but what little noise we made was evidently enough. Before long we heard a movement from the inner room.

"Good God!" I thought. "There *is* someone, after all, then!"

Whoever it was, it was pulling at the door, and even at the time I wondered why they couldn't work the simple latch.

Charles looked at me, as green in the face as a criminal caught red-handed. I suppose at the sight of me his old associations made their claim on him.

Then the door flew open. I believe I let out a yell. Standing in the doorway was a very hefty young male gorilla.

I don't know which of the three was most taken aback. Charles, with the ghastly remnant of his fake sociability, began actually to perform some sort of introduction.

"Get this brute out of the way!" I roared. "Joan 's coming! Do you hear? Joan 's coming!"

"Joan?"

"Yes!" I cried. "She 's coming! Soon! Now!" And I pointed out of the window. As I did so, my jaw dropped, for I 'd spoken more truth than I knew. I saw a string of dark figures, and one white one, threading a way up the lower track. It could only be my boys bringing Joan on, as I 'd told them to.

Charles saw it, too. The sight and the stress broke down his last vestige of sanity. He began to gibber.

"Get that brute out!" I roared again.

At this the gorilla began to snarl—God knows what the creature understood. Charles put his hand on its shoulder, and it subsided.

"You must go," he said to me, regaining his caricature of sanity. "I 'm sorry, but we simply can't receive anyone to-day."

"At least you must make your excuses direct to Joan," I said. "Come! You really must."

I took him by the arm. It was as if I had convinced his legs but not his poor, crazy wits. He walked very haltingly beside me, trying to explain everything. "He 's my friend. . . . He makes me quiet, whole . . ." Oh! It was a terrible business.

At one minute I thought—"Damn it! You 'd better go back to your friend, you poor devil!" Then I thought of what was bound to happen. On the other side—there was the padded cell.

However, before we got to where my boys were, the gorilla decided it for us. He saw the niggers, and me leading Charles towards them, and he came after us roaring louder than a lion. One of my chaps fled for his life: the other ran up towards us with the gun. Charles threw himself down in a sort of fit. The damned ape was racing towards us, and I couldn't move him an inch. Fortunately, my chap had got the right gun—the rifle, that is. I 'd trained him, and my God! I was glad of it. He took the shot like a crack, and dropped the creature dead as a stone.

Charles, when he saw it, ran straight for the boy, who, when he saw what Charles's face was like, dropped the gun and fled as fast as the other had.

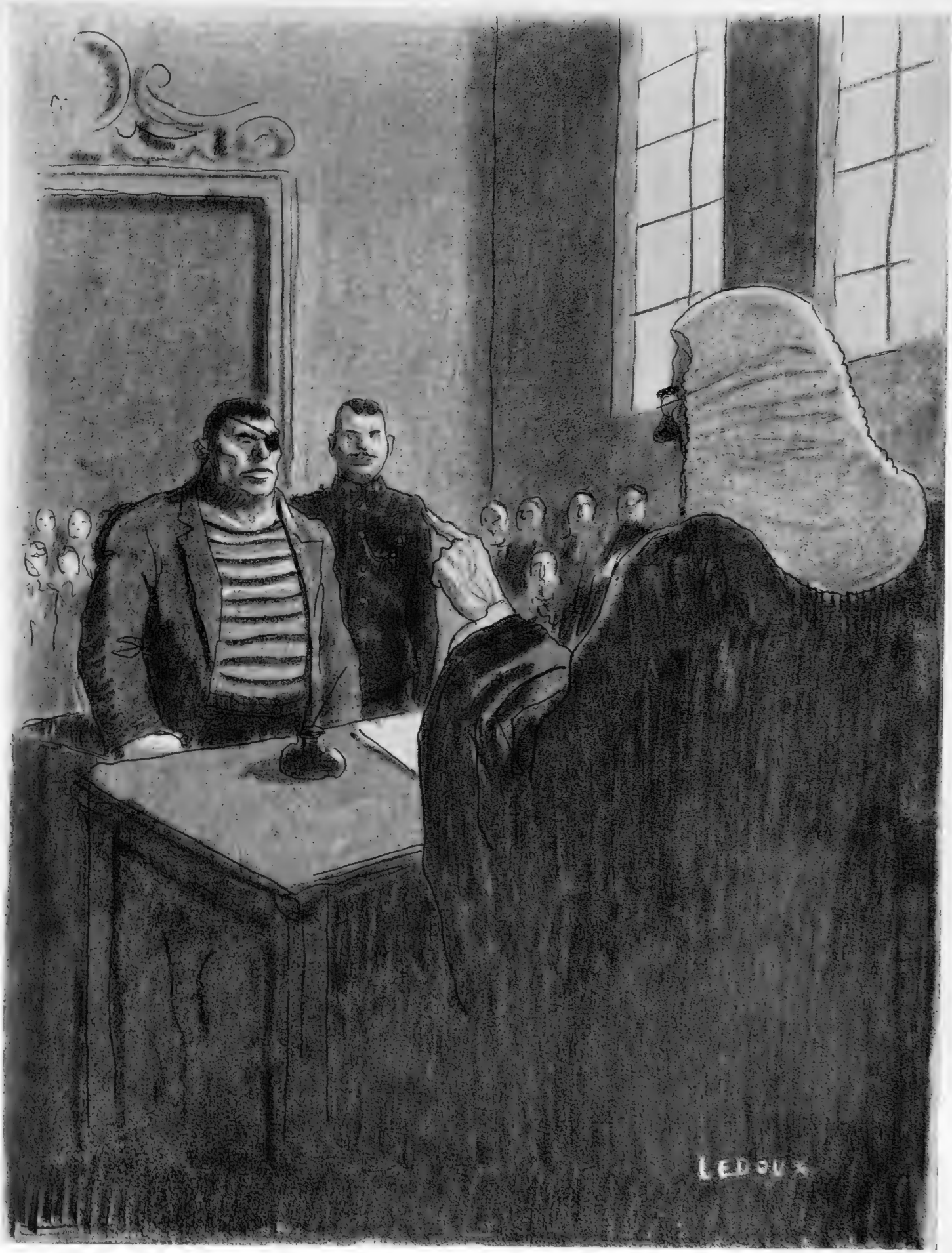
Charles rushed up, took the gun, and actually pointed it at the black. Then he gave a sort of laugh—as if to say: "What 's the good?" I was nearly up to him by this time, but I saw what he was going to do, and (I told Joan afterwards) I slowed up.

And he did it.

Better than a padded cell, poor devil! A fine fellow he was, too! That 's the end.

I managed to stop Joan in time, and I made some attempt at telling her. But that 's the beginning of another story, which I haven't finished yet.

THE END.



". . . So you took a mean advantage of the child's credulity by pretending you were Father Christmas"

Ghosts that have Haunted Me

By Maurice Lane-Norcott

Decorations by J. S. Goodall

SOMETIMES, as I haunt the bargain basements of the large shops at Christmas time, anxiously searching for a present for myself, or run after some busy floor-walker to ask him an important question, such as: "Will you pull this cracker with *me* for once, floor-walker?" or "Why don't you air this great emporium? The atmosphere is full of seasonable microbes," young people of the opposite sex come up to me and say: "My goodness! How pale and wan you look! Can it be love at first sight, or have you seen a ghost?"

Needless to say, I never let such an opportunity slip.

"Many is the time, girl," I say grimly, "that Mr. Lane-Norcott has seen a ghost."

And then, maybe, if my fair questioner is very lovely, we sit down under some near-by Christmas-tree, and I take her little hand in mine and tell her the weird story of

Sir Edwin Landseer and His Stag, "Monarch of the Glen"

MANY years ago, when I was a young psychical research worker, known as Medium Lane-Norcott, the Young Psychical Research Worker, I remember being interrupted one stormy Christmas Eve by an eerie rap on my study door, and the ghost of an old butler, named Banks, whom I allowed to "walk" the basement in return for his services, came gliding through the woodwork in a dignified way.

"Excuse me, Sir," he said, "but a strange gentleman has called to haunt you."

"A strange gentleman, Banks?" I exclaimed shortly. "T'ch! t'ch! t'ch! How many more times must I tell you that at Christmas time I will only be haunted by ladies?"

"I know, Sir," he admitted shamefacedly. "I have already explained that to the gentleman, but he won't take 'No' for an answer."

"Oh, very well, you silly old ghost of a butler named Banks!" I said resignedly. "Show him through the door, then."

Well, you can imagine my surprise when, a moment later, a sepulchral voice announced "Sir Edwin Landseer," and a very dignified, disembodied spirit walked through the panel, followed by the ghost of a great stag.

"Really, Landseer," I said reproachfully. "I do think you might have left the stag outside."

At that Landseer gave what I can only describe as an eldritch laugh.

"My dear Sir," he said bitterly, "you don't for one minute imagine that I brought it with me deliberately, do you? Why, I simply can't get rid of the creature! Ever since I painted it in 1867, it has been following me around!"

"What! All over the Great Beyond and everywhere?" I asked incredulously.

"Literally everywhere!" he said, and gave the creature a very disgusted look. "Why, lately it has even had the audacity to force its way into my bedroom and sleep on the end of my bed! That is why I am haunting you to-night. I want you to lend me a little turpentine."

"A little turpentine, Landseer?" I exclaimed, utterly amazed at such a request from a ghost. "Whatever do you want that for?"

Very cautiously my spectral visitor glanced at the great unwanted stag, which was idly rubbing its antlers against the back of an armchair. Then he leant forward and placed his ghostly lips to my ear.

"I'll tell you," he whispered cautiously. "I painted that stag, didn't I? I created 'The Monarch of the Glen'? Very well, then. I'm not going to be bothered with it any more, that's all. *I'm going to rub it out!*"

Well, to cut a long ghost story short, I lent Sir Edwin Landseer a little turpentine that I happened to have by me as a liqueur, and, in less time than it takes to write, he deleted the whole of that spectral stag, except one ghostly hoof, which, to this very day, haunts my writing-table in the form of an inkpot.

* * *

ANOTHER startling ghost story which I sometimes tell at this time of the year is

The Weird Tale of W. G. Grace and my Aunt Matilda

A GOOD story is told on the Stock Exchange at Christmas time of my aunt, Mrs. Matilda Molesworthy, whose custom it has long been to give a cocktail-party on Boxing Day for her many stockbroker friends and admirers.

It seems that after such parties, my aunt is extremely liable to be haunted by W. G. Grace, who, when the other guests have gone, comes stealthily out of the china cabinet, wearing his pads and batting gloves, and carrying his famous bat.

"Ah, you little witch!" he says to my Aunt, in his bold way, "I'd dearly love to hit you over the pavilion clock for six!"

"Don't be so absurd, Grace!" my Aunt says, bridling sternly at this remark. "You forget yourself, I think."

At this Grace leans forward and, just when my Aunt is least expecting it, slyly taps her on the calf with his bat. "Just a passing glance to leg, baby!" he says, and gives her a knowing leer. "We'll run a couple of singles for *that*!"

Grace then dashes like a mad thing twice round the grand piano, and, before my Aunt can say "Peter Robinson"—a name of which she is inordinately fond—he is safely back in the china cupboard again.

"How's that, Mrs. Matilda Molesworthy?" he cries triumphantly.

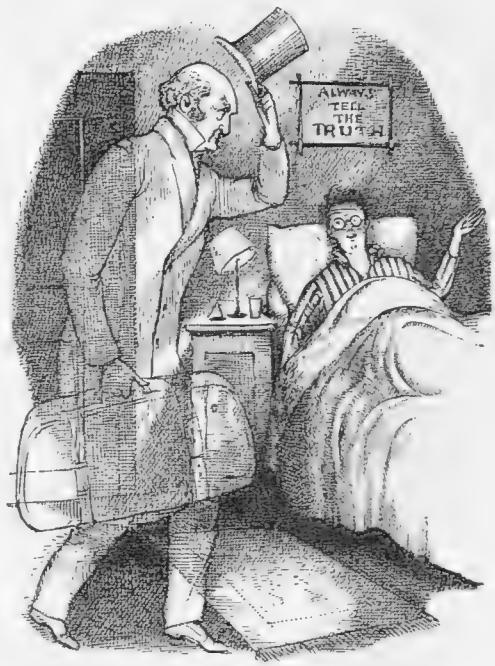
"Out!" replies my Aunt promptly.

At this dread word, W. G. Grace reluctantly disappears among the china, and is never seen again by my Aunt until next Boxing Day.

* * *

I will now conclude with a very eerie story of William Ewart Gladstone, which I will call

A Very Eerie Story of William Ewart Gladstone



I WAS walking along Piccadilly Circus one dark Christmas Day in the year 19—, when I first saw William Ewart Gladstone. He was leaning up against the railings of the Tube Station and appeared to be waiting for someone. However, it was none of my business, so I didn't stop.

"A Happy Christmas, William Ewart Gladstone," I said politely, and passed on.

Several days after that queer encounter I happened to be sitting in a motor-omnibus, going down Regent Street, when who should jump in and sit down next to me but William Ewart Gladstone.

"Excuse me," he said, "but I wonder if you can help me? A girl has just asked me what I said in eighteen-ninety-five, and for the life of me I can't remember."

"I'm awfully sorry, William Ewart Gladstone," I said, "but for the life of me *I* can't remember, either."

"Oh, well, never mind," he said. "I'll just have to make her up something, that's all."

And with that he jumped off the bus again, and vanished into a flower-shop.

After that I always seemed to be meeting William Ewart Gladstone, and we spent one or two rather jolly evenings together, going round the Town. Indeed, the least said of that the soonest mended.

Finally, one early morning, before I was dressed, William Ewart Gladstone came into my bedroom, wearing a thick travelling coat and carrying what is popularly known as a "Gladstone bag."

"Well, good-bye, play-boy," he said, and shook my hand in a very friendly way. "I'm going back now."

"Oh, are you, Gladstone?" I said.

"Yes; I'm just off," he said. "Thanks awfully for a swell time."

"Oh, don't mention it, Gladstone," I said. "So long, and come back again soon."

I then turned over and went to sleep again, and when I woke up later in the day, William Ewart Gladstone had gone. I have never seen him again from that day to this.

* * *

Those are just a few of the inexplicable ghost stories that I am persuaded to tell at Christmas time, and I can only add in conclusion that I sincerely hope I have made your teeth chatter.

The Progress of Rupert

Decoration by Marsh Williams

WHEN Rupert was a child of six
He'd never learnt to play with bricks,
Or any other lovely toys
That cheer the hearts of little boys.

Dear Rupert spent his leisure time
With face and hair besmirched with grime,
And begged for coppers in the street,
To buy the wherewithal to eat.

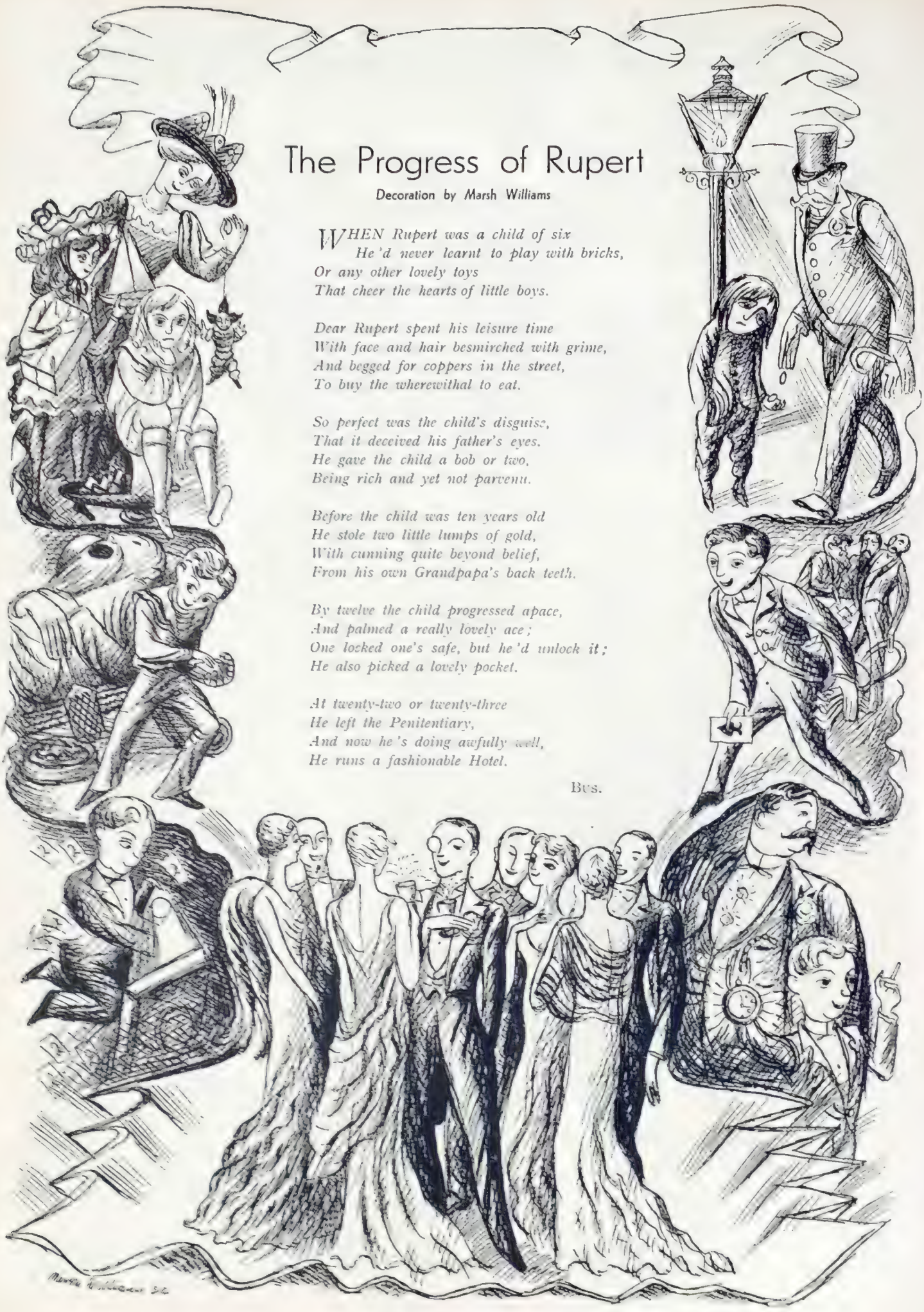
So perfect was the child's disguise,
That it deceived his father's eyes.
He gave the child a bob or two,
Being rich and yet not parvenu.

Before the child was ten years old
He stole two little lumps of gold,
With cunning quite beyond belief,
From his own Grandpapa's back teeth.

By twelve the child progressed apace,
And palmed a really lovely ace;
One locked one's safe, but he'd unlock it;
He also picked a lovely pocket.

At twenty-two or twenty-three
He left the Penitentiary,
And now he's doing awfully well,
He runs a fashionable Hotel.

BUS.



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No. 17.—Contains a jar of Coty Foundation Crème, a jar of Coty Colcrème, a tablet of Soap, a box of Coty Face Powder and a flaçon of Coty Hand Lotion. In Persian design - - - - - **12/6**

No. 12.—A generous size flaçon of delightful Coty Eau-de-Cologne and a box of famous Coty Face Powder makes this Persian Coffret a most attractive and inexpensive gift - - - - - - **5/-**

No. 8.—Handsome Persian design Coffret, containing a presentation bottle of Coty Perfume in a pretty silk-tassel trimmed case, and a box of Coty Face Powder perfumed in the same fascinating fragrance.

Paris (illustrated) 21/6 L'Origan - - - 21/6
L'Aimant - - - 18/6 Le Muguet - - - 21/6
L'Emeraude 22/6

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Larger size, containing three times the quantity - - **47/6**

No. 6.—Persian Coffret containing a flaçon of Coty Perfume and a generous size Coty Compact, complete with the new 'Pressed Powder'. . . . Chypre, Paris, L'Aimant, L'Origan. - - - - - - - **11/-**

No. 5.—Similar Coffret but with perfume in smaller size - - - - - - - - - - - - - - **8/6**

Other sizes of "A SUMA" in standard Coty flaçons:
3/9 6/- 10/- 17/6

These Coty Creations are also available in "A Suma" Perfume.

Face Powder	2/3	1/3		
Talcum Powder	3/-	2/-		
Toilet Water	55/-	32/6	18/6	10/6
Hair Lotion	21/-	12/6	7/6	4/6
Brilliantine	Liquid 2/-		Solid 2/6	

No. 24.—A most popular Coty Coffret in a new design, containing a handbag size bottle of exquisite Coty Perfume and a full size box of famous Coty Face Powder. L'Origan, Chypre, Paris, or in L'Aimant, as illustrated - - - - - - - - - **5/-**

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A key to this imposing array of notabilities appears on page i, facing page 76

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Quatz'-Arts

A School Marm Goes Out For Adventure—And Gets It

By James Laver

Illustrated by Morton Sale

Miss Budkin, for once, was dining alone. At least, she was dining at a little table by herself, although at other little tables scattered about the cheerful pension dining-room there were about a dozen other people. Miss Budkin, at a loss for someone to talk to, regarded them with even more interest than usual. They were nearly all English or American, but their ages varied. Some were tourists, just passing through Montparnasse, and their presence was somewhat resented by the more permanent residents: young students spending a year or so at some atelier and pretending, with more or less success, to paint like Picasso or Giorgio di Chirico.

Miss Budkin envied them their high spirits and their sophisticated ease in the midst of a Paris which she found both thrilling and frightening. She was a school-teacher at a private school in Huddersfield, and she had come over with another mistress, Mary Thompson, to spend ten days in Paris, hoping at the same time to improve her French and to broaden her mind. Perhaps the second desire predominated, for, while Miss Thompson had resolutely gone off that very evening to a conférence at the Sorbonne, Miss Budkin had pleaded a headache and remained to dine alone at the pension. She ate her dinner in silence, drank half a bottle of vin ordinaire, and, greatly daring, had even ordered a fine with her coffee. The brandy was somewhat harsh and made her cough a little, but she rolled it round her tongue appreciatively, and was not quite sure whether she enjoyed the sense of being free for an evening from the strenuous culture of Miss Thompson or regretted the absence of her friend's conversation.

Just in front of her was a little table which a young man named O'Donnell (she had already learned that about him) had been compelled to share with an elderly American. He was obviously annoyed by this, and Miss Budkin wondered whether he would have preferred to share her table. She rather doubted it. She had wished him "Good-morning" once, and he had merely grunted and turned away.

It was not that Miss Budkin had any designs on the young man, but, in an impersonal way, she found him rather attractive. He was tall and thin, with a certain elegance in spite of his untidy clothes, and his face was lean, with a fine, delicate nose and a rather cruel mouth. He was listening to the American with an ironical smile while the older man told him of his travels and the difficulties he had had with a ship's steward here or a Customs officer there. Miss Budkin did not follow their conversation very closely. The American had already delivered his travelogue for her especial benefit one wet afternoon at the pension. Then, suddenly, she caught the word "Quatz'-Arts."

Now the fame of the Quatz'-Arts had spread even to Huddersfield, and Miss Budkin knew, or fancied that she knew, all about it; but it had never occurred to her that it might be actually taking place during her stay in Paris. Now she learned that it was to take place to-morrow.

"Come, now," the American was saying. "Do you mean to tell me that it is quite impossible to get in?"

"Quite," said the young man.

"Even if one went the right way about it?" And he rubbed his thumb and first finger together to indicate his opinion of what the right way would be.

"You could probably buy a ticket," conceded his companion, "if you don't mind paying a lot for it. But that's no guarantee that they wouldn't throw you out."

"But why——?"

"What will you think of me?" she said

The next thing that the innocent object of the skirmish knew was the cold blast of air that smote her as she

O'Donnell's tone was impatient. "It's a students' ball," he said, "and you don't look in the least like a student. They always throw out any bourgeois——"

"I'm not a bourgeois," said the American indignantly; "I'm in real estate."

The young man grinned, and, for a moment, Miss Budkin caught his eye.

"Just as you like," he said; "only I shouldn't advise you to try it."

"Isn't there any way?"

"Well, if you persuaded them that you were a woman——"

"Would that do the trick?"

"Certainly. With that old-world gallantry for which this nation is so justly famous, they never throw women out of the Quatz'-Arts. They even let 'em in without tickets."

"You don't say!"

THE American was silent, and the young man's gaze wandered beyond him to the next table and rested for a moment on the solitary figure of Miss Budkin fingering her tiny glass of brandy, in which a few drops still remained. What a funny, mouse-like creature she looked in her brown, not very well-fitting clothes! Young, obviously. She must be in the very early twenties, but with what a total absence of anything like chic or sex-appeal. Her lips were unpainted, her eyebrows unplucked. Perhaps she didn't even powder, for her nose, after the wine and the brandy, was distinctly shiny. As he watched, she pulled out a bedraggled puff from her bag and, with furtive, inelegant gestures, began to powder. She did it badly, too. The powder was too white, and applied too thickly. What could she be? A school-teacher, probably. The girl she usually dined with had school-teacher written all over her, so probably she was too. This pension was rapidly becoming uninhabitable. If he had a bit more money he would take a little flat somewhere. He only stayed because it was so cheap and the food excellent.

Miss Budkin finished her brandy and went out, but she didn't go up to her room. Instead, she waited in the corridor outside, pretending to look at an engraving of old Paris that hung on the wall. In a few moments O'Donnell too emerged, and, with her heart pounding and her mouth so dry that she could hardly speak, she stood in the young man's path.

"Excuse me," she said.

O'Donnell stopped and looked at her as a man might look at some obstacle on a road, a tree-trunk, or a boulder, before proceeding to step over it. Miss Budkin went on rapidly, the colour climbing to her forehead: "I couldn't help overhearing what you said at dinner—about the Quatz'-Arts Ball. You told Mr.—the American gentleman, that he couldn't possibly get in, but that there was no difficulty for—er—ladies."

O'Donnell seemed to see Miss Budkin as a person for the first time, and a smile twisted his rather cruel mouth.

"Yes," he said, "women are admitted without any difficulty. Just you try."

"Oh, thank you! I will."

Miss Budkin's eyes sparkled, and the young man felt a twinge of remorse. He knew only too well the terms on which women were admitted to the Quatz'-Arts Ball. He was about to warn her, when she went on, in the careful accent he hated so much, "You see, I'm a teacher, and I was a student myself not so long ago. I used to go to all the students' dances at Huddersfield."

O'Donnell shuddered, but she was so excited that she did not notice it.

was borne, in the young man's arms, out of the hall

"And I should like very much to go to a students' dance in Paris. I might pick up a few ideas——"

"Yes," he agreed, "you might."

"What do you think I should go as?"

He grinned. "Anything you like. Why not go as an Eskimo?"

"Won't it be too hot?"

"Not for long."

"But it usually gets hotter and hotter——"

"Not in Paris. They always have lots of electric fans and—and ice and things. You'd be surprised how cool everybody gets before the evening is out."

"Oh, thank you! Thank you!"

THE young man found Miss Budkin's gratitude embarrassing, and fled. She went up slowly to the room she shared with Mary Thompson and sat down on her bed. Now that the excitement of the interview was over she was sadly worried. How could she possibly go to the ball as an Eskimo? She did not know any place in Paris where they hired out costumes, and, even if she did, an Eskimo dress was sure to be expensive. All that fur! Why had he suggested an Eskimo, anyway? There was no sense in it.

She was still puzzling over the problem when Mary Thompson came back, flushed with virtue, from her conférence at the Sorbonne.

"Are you better?" she enquired, in a dry voice.

"Yes, thanks, Mary. Did you enjoy yourself?"

"It was most instructive. I wouldn't have missed it for anything."

There was an unmistakable emphasis on the "I," and Miss Budkin felt reproved. She changed the subject.

"Mary!"

"Well?"

"Have you ever heard of the Quatz'-Arts Ball?"

Miss Thompson regarded her friend with pity.

"Of course I've heard of it."

"Did you know it was to-morrow?"

"Really? What of it?"

"You wouldn't like to go, I suppose?"

"Certainly not. I'm not a student any longer, although, of course, in one sense, I shall be a student until I die. One never stops learning, if one will only take the trouble. Besides, I've fixed up something else for to-morrow night."

"Something else?"

"I went up and spoke to the lecturer after the conférence to-night, and explained that you had very much wanted to come, but that, most unfortunately, you were ill. He invited us both to a réunion to-morrow."

"How very kind," said Miss Budkin, a little doubtfully, and began to undress.

FOR half the night Miss Budkin lay awake, thinking. She was determined to go to the Quatz'-Arts Ball, with Mary or not, as an Eskimo or as something else. She could get rid of Mary, no doubt, although it would mean a row, but the costume was a real difficulty. Suddenly, she had an idea. She had once made a fancy dress for herself entirely out of crêpe paper. It had cost almost nothing, and everybody had admired it. With yards and yards of coloured paper and a spool of thread, it was possible to make a kind of Columbine costume. The skirt was quite easy; the bodice more difficult, but it could be managed if only she could get to-morrow entirely to herself. But to-morrow she had arranged to go with Mary to Versailles, and Mary would be furious if she cried off. Well! It couldn't be helped. Mary would have to be furious. Day was breaking when Miss Budkin finally fell asleep.

"REALLY, Prudence, it's too bad!" said Miss Thompson, attacking her morning croissant. "Here we have only ten days in Paris, and you are too ill to do anything. Last night you had a headache, and this morning you have a headache. Did you have anything to drink last night?"

"Only half a bottle of vin ordinaire and——"

"And what?"

"A fine."

"I knew it!" said Miss Thompson, with gloomy triumph. "I told you that brandy was poison, but you wouldn't believe me."

"I'm sorry, Mary."

"I'm sorry, too, but I'm sure you will understand that I really can't allow everything to be upset by—by your self-indulgence. I suppose I shall have to go to Versailles by myself, and to the réunion in the evening."

Miss Budkin looked suitably repentant, but her heart had begun to beat double-time. It was almost too good to be true. As soon as Mary had gone she would find a shop where they sold crêpe paper; she would spend the day making her dress, go to bed, and then——! Miss Budkin was astonished at the Machiavellian completeness of her plans.

"Well, good-bye!" said Miss Thompson; "I hope you will be better when I get back."

Miss Budkin, with her head on the pillow, closed her eyes and sighed deeply.

IN the taxi which was taking her to the Quatz'-Arts, Miss Budkin was assailed by sudden misgivings. She had slipped out of the pension unseen and had taken the first cab she saw, for she could hardly walk through the streets of Paris as a paper Columbine. She was pleased with the dress. A whole day's stitching of pink and white paper had produced a garment which would pass, at least without ridicule, in any fancy-dress ball. It was not very comfortable, for the edges of the paper were rather sharp; but what did that matter? The horrible thought was that they might not, after all, let her in. Then there would be nothing for it but to slink home again, discomforted.

Her fears were unjustified. The crowd at the entrance opened to let her through, and the man at the door did not even ask her for a ticket. It was as easy as that! She stopped for a moment before a long mirror in the corridor to adjust her dress, and then passed into a large hall hung with coloured lanterns. She was in!

When young O'Donnell arrived at the Quatz'-Arts with a party of friends, the hour was already late. They elbowed their way through the crowd at the gate and entered the ball-room as a solid phalanx, shouting and singing. It was plain that they had all dined extremely well, and two young men among the group were more than a little drunk. O'Donnell, having inherited a singularly good head from a long line of hard-drinking ancestors, had merely arrived at that curious stage on the road to intoxication when everything seems very clear and a little far away, like the picture in a camera-obscura. He left his party and circled the crowded floor, greeting an occasional acquaintance and glancing with approval at a shapely figure among the dancers. Several of the girls had already reduced their exiguous costumes still further, and some of them were extremely pretty, unlikely to escape the attention of a young man as fond of the good things of life as O'Donnell.

He was not surprised to see what looked like a fight in the far corner; such things were common enough at the Quatz'-Arts as soon as the dancers began to warm up a little. It seemed a good-natured fight, anyway, for shouts of laughter rose above the noise of the band and the buzz of talking. Presently the compact mass was dispersed and six stalwarts rushed towards the door with the struggling but helpless figure of a heavy, middle-aged man. As they passed, O'Donnell recognised their victim: it was his American acquaintance from the pension. The incident struck the young man as extremely funny. After all, he had given the fellow full warning and yet he had persisted in coming. He wondered what character he had chosen to assume. It was very difficult to tell now, for what remained of his fancy dress hung round the portly body in ribbons. With a heave and a great shout, he disappeared through the door.

O'Donnell was a little drunk. It was not that he was in the slightest degree incapable—so much, at least, his Irish ancestry had given him—but the scene before him had dissolved into a many-coloured kaleidoscope, shifting ever, as he watched it, into new combinations and fresh patterns. He was vaguely conscious that time was passing and that the party was getting rowdier. He passed from one group to another, for he knew almost everybody, and the groups seemed to him steadily more hilarious and the women a little more unclothed. But he was used to the atmosphere of the Quatz'-Arts and hardly noticed such things.

Suddenly, a group in the corner attracted his attention. A circle of merry-makers, mostly men, seemed to be forming a ring round someone or something. They were chanting a kind of refrain: "Otez-le! Otez-le! Otez-le!"

The crowd surged sideways towards one of the little tables and surrounded it, and all at once there emerged above their heads a pink-and-white figure. The girl — for it was a girl, dressed in pink and white flounces—had been lifted on to the table, and was now standing there, doing her best to defend herself from the crowd. O'Donnell finished his drink and walked over in the direction of the excitement. The girl had her back towards him, and her skirt stuck stiffly out as she bent forward. O'Donnell saw with surprise that it was made of paper; her whole costume was made of paper. He grinned at her rashness in coming to the Quatz'-Arts in a paper suit.

The crowd was dancing round her now, singing its improvised song and snatching at her dress. O'Donnell saw that one of the ends of paper was loose and, as he watched, the whole flimsy garment began to unravel. The lightly-sewn flounces offered no resistance, and as the crowd revolved, the skirt grew shorter and shorter, until it came away entirely and a young man dashed across the room trailing the long strip of crêpe paper behind him. Relieved of its stitching, the paper bodice fell off of its own accord.

The girl seemed not to know what to do. She stood there on the table in a pink slip, her arms making useless gestures of protest. But the crowd, which now included almost everybody in the room, was still unsatisfied. With howls of laughter, it swept forward, carrying the table with it. The girl disappeared completely, and when she emerged again a few moments later, her slip, her shoes, and her stockings had alike disappeared. She was hoisted to safety on one of the tables that had remained upright, and the spotlight man in the gallery, entering into the spirit of the revels, turned his most powerful arc on the slim, white body. It was only then that the young man saw how lovely she was. It was no novelty at the Quatz'-Arts for women to take off, or be deprived of, their clothes, but the beauty of this unknown girl was startling. In the hard glare from the lamp she was like some perfect marble come to life.

"Dancez!" shouted the crowd, and, as if she had now no will of her own, she began to dance, and the mood of those round the table changed as they watched her. It was not that she danced well—under such circumstances it could hardly be expected—but the grace of her limbs and the slow gestures of her arms seemed to fascinate the watchers, so that they all became silent. Suddenly, a big, bearded man leaped forward, knocking over several people as he did so, seized her hand, and pulled her towards him. The girl turned a frightened, appealing look in the direction of O'Donnell, and the young man saw that the face was the face of Miss Budkin. Even so had she looked at him in the passage of the pension, when she had asked him about the ball.

O'Donnell was not an Irishman for nothing. With a whoop of delight he leaped into the battle, and the next thing that the innocent object of the skirmish knew was the cold blast of air that smote her as she was borne, in the young man's arms, out of the hall and into the street. The next moment she was crouching in the corner of a taxi and looking up into a smiling, familiar face.

"You!" she said.

"Why not? You can't be as much surprised as I was."

She remembered with confusion the condition of her wardrobe.

"Please," she said, "can I have something to put on?"

"Are you cold?" he asked, ignoring her meaning and beginning to fumble with the windows.

She began to laugh, and he laughed too.

"What will you think of me?" she said.

For answer he drew her to him and kissed her on the mouth.

"Good Heavens, Bishop! No Puddin'?"

"Really, Prudence," said Miss Thompson at breakfast next morning, "your behaviour is most extraordinary. You are too ill to go to Versailles, and much too ill, apparently, to go to the little réunion I took so much trouble to arrange for you, and yet you can spend the greater part of the night at a party. I stayed awake waiting for you as long as I could, and I can't *think* when you came in, or how you managed to undress so quietly."

"I was all right, Mary. I was with friends."

"I didn't know you had any friends in Paris."

"Well, I have, and I 'm going to marry one of them. His name 's O'Donnell."

THE END.

Which Would You Rather Have—— The Moon or Sixpence?

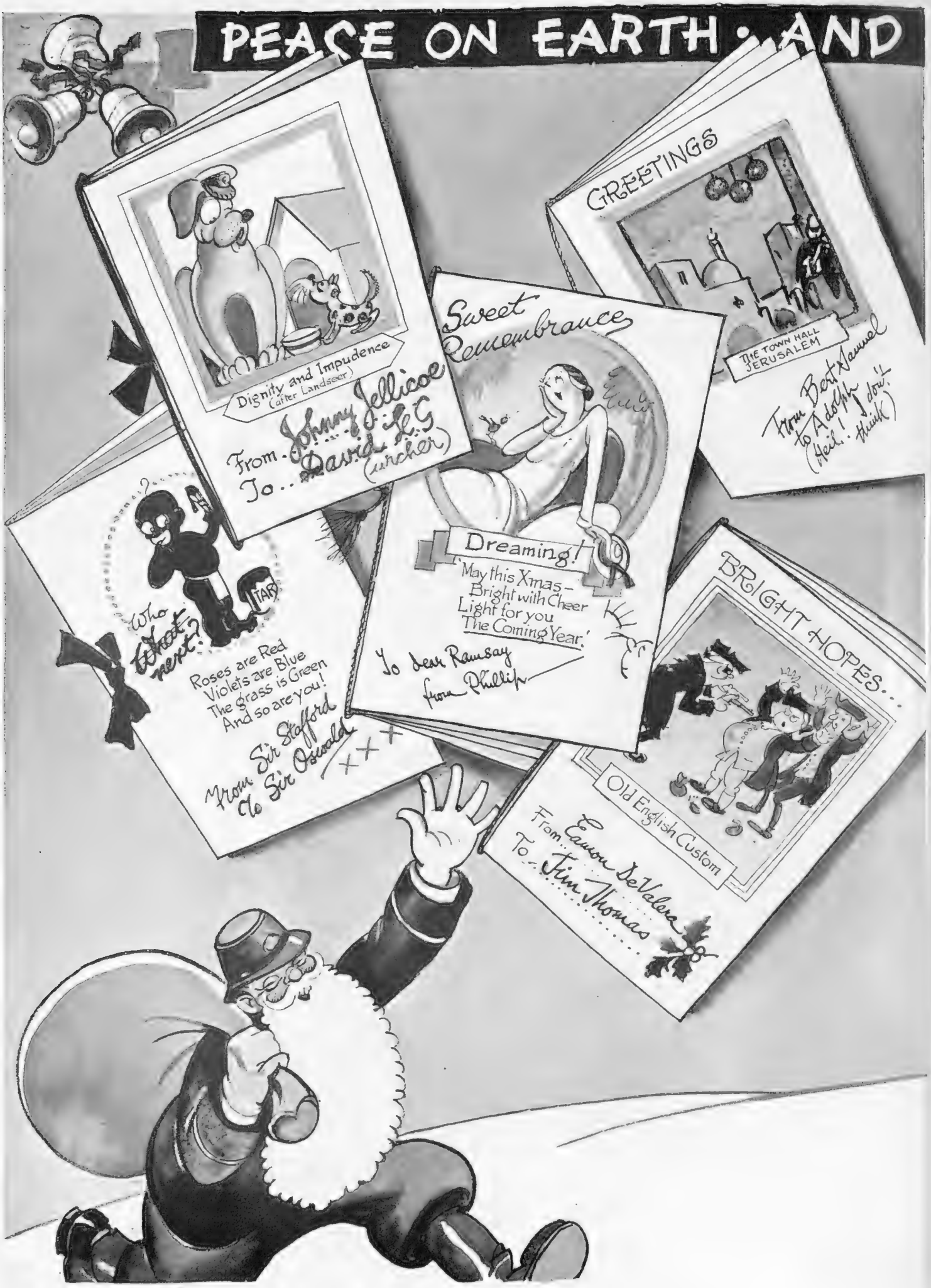
Brandy-Butter Inanities About Some Film Stars

Would you rather have Joan Crawford with "Schnozzle's" nose, or "Schnozzle" Durante with Joan's eyes?

Would you rather have Charles Laughton minus four stone, or Baby Leroy plus twelve inches?

Would you rather have George Arliss gone Fairbanks-crazy, or Douglas Fairbanks with the Arliss manner?

Please, please, let's have them as they are

Sketches by Gitano

PEACE ON EARTH . . AND
Dignity and Impudence
(After Landseer)
From Johnny Jellicoe
To . . David (Archer)
GREETINGS
THE TOWN HALL
JERUSALEM
From Bert Samuel
to Adolph
(Heil! Heil!)
Sweet Remembrance
Dreaming!
'May this Xmas—
Bright with Cheer
Light for you
The Coming Year.'
To dear Ramsay
from Phillip
Who next?
TAR
Roses are Red
Violets are Blue
The grass is Green
And so are you!
From Sir Stafford
To Sir Oswald
BRIGHT HOPES . . .
Old English Custom
From . . Eamon DeValera
To . . Jim Thomas

GOODWILL TOWARDS . . .
Kind Thoughts
A little ship was on the Sea . . It was a pretty sight . . . . like Hell it was
From Tommy Sopwith
To Old Vanderbilt
XX
Dream of Fair Women
Jacob Epstein
To Sir John La
Tender Memories
The hope of his side.
From W. M. Woodfull
To . . . The M.C.C.
(with grateful thanks)
Jungle Jinks
From Jim Barrie
To G.K.C.
I hear you calling me.
To Winston
From The Boys of the
B.B.C.
XMAS
A HAPPY ~~BIRTHDAY~~ TO YOU
"Full of Mischief"
To . . . . The Editor
From . . . The Artist
P.S. How about a spot of dough next week

"He's sulking"

From One Kingdom To Another

A Story without words by Dronsfield

High-brow shall speak unto Low-brow:

Conversation Piece 1934: *By John Reynolds*

HAPPY FAMILIES

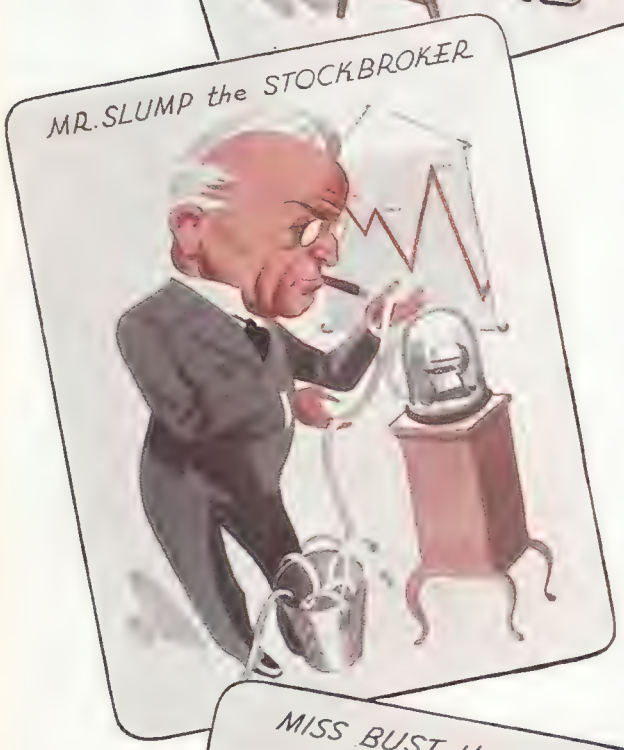
Verses by Ian Struther

MR. HUMP THE HUMORIST

IN print unfailingly jocose,
In manner jaundiced and morose :
You find this strange ? Review, in brief,
The articles of his belief :

That doctors speed you towards the grave ;
That every lawyer is a knave ;
That milkmen one and all commit
Adulteration, lots of it ;
All policemen's feet are monstrous, all
Their brains phenomenally small ;
All steaks are tough, all cheeses high,
All wives extravagant and sly,
All husbands henpecked and in awe
Of termagant mammas-in-law ;
All children gluttonous and pert,
All housemaids blind to dust and dirt,
All cooks incompetent and haughty,
All Scotsmen mean, all Frenchmen naughty,
All poets muffs, all sportsmen fools—
And plumbers *never* bring their tools.

Poor Hump ! He cannot well be freed
From this too atrabilious creed :
For if in other terms he spoke
His readers wouldn't see the joke.



MR. SLUMP THE STOCKBROKER

HE lives, as all good brokers should,
At Chesham Bois or Chorley Wood.
At nine a.m. he leaves his home
(This punctual little Metro-gnome),
Closing the garden gate behind him ;
And nine-fifteen will always find him,
Clean-shaven, baldish, plump and neat,
Tucked in his favourite corner seat.
He cons the headlines, has a chat
With Jones or Brown of this and that—
Bridge, billiards, razor blades, sweet peas,
And hallowed topics such as these.
Too soon he 's at his office door,
And in a trice is plunged once more
Into the world of stocks and shares—
The circus-ring where Bulls and Bears,
Stags, Consols, Kaffirs, and Contangoes
Perform irrational fandangoes,
While he must dodge, as best he may,
The perils of a broker's day.

Though times are hard and booms are few,
He has his fun, the same as you ;
Sleeps sound, and sheds his troubles soon
Beneath the kindly Chiltern moon.

MISS BUST THE BARMAID

MISS BUST is barmaid at the "Crown."
Her eyes are sparkling, bold and brown ;
Her hair is brassy as the rail
On which we lean to drink our ale ;
And redder than the scarlet plush
Her changeless and synthetic blush.
Sherry and whisky, beer and stout—
Unerringly she pours them out ;
"One gin-and-It, two Scotch-and-splash "—
She has them ready in a flash ;
And when you want "the other half"
She draws it with a jolly laugh.
Miss Bust is scrupulously fair :
She smiles with an impartial air
On Mr. Jones, and me, and you,
And Tom, and Dick, and Harry too,
But quashes with a queenly glance
The slightest amorous advance.
(She doesn't mind a Bit of Fun,
But Stands no Sauce from anyone).

So, glass in hand, we loll and chat
Reflectively of this and that,
Until the clock's unwelcome chime
Rings out (too soon) for Closing Time,
And heartless regulations thrust
Us far away from nice Miss Bust.

—UP-TO-DATE

Decorations by Herbert

VISCOUNT GUPP THE GOSSIP-WRITER

INTO the veins of fellow-men
He dips his bland, malicious pen
The public's hunger to assuage
Upon his well-known weekly page.
He goes to all the choicest parties
Where bloom the Lovelies and the Smarties,
Where every breath 's the breath of scandal
And every name can boast a handle.
To him they all confide, it seems,
Their loves, their lapses, and their dreams ;
And when he gives the lot away
They tell him plenty more next day.
" For, really " (say the Flighty Few),
" The very least that we can do
Is to provide the Moiling Many
With value for their Sunday penny."
And, since no reading 's quite so arid
As tales about the Happy Married,
A lot of them are simply forced
(For Guppy's sake) to get divorced.

Think not too ill of Viscount Gupp :
He is infernally hard-up.
And surely nothing 's a disgrace
That keeps intact the Family Place ?

MR. WAVE THE WIRELESS FAN

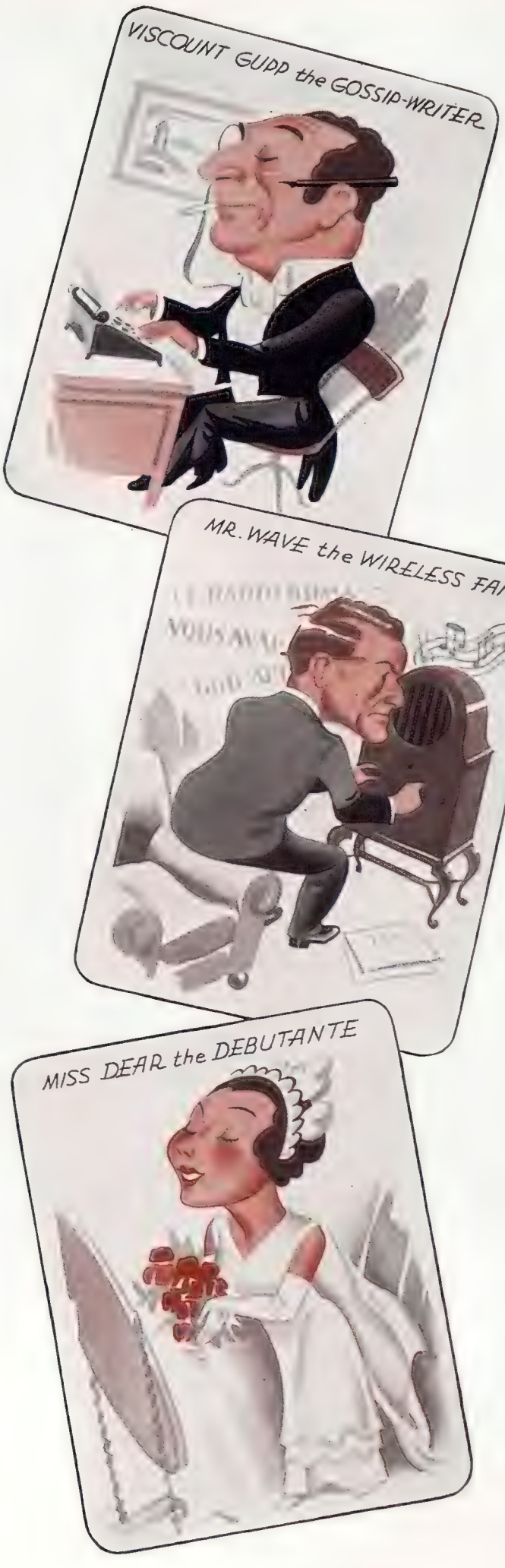
FOR hours he 'll sit grotesquely curled
Before a fluted knob. The world
Is his for the twitching of a thumb.
He bids the nations go and come,
Speak and be silent at his will.
A French soprano, arch and shrill,
Assails him ; with a wry grimace
He sends her packing into space.
From Huizen, next, his expert touch
Lets loose an eddying flood of Dutch,
Which dammed, he seeks, to soothe his ear,
Berlin and *Rosenkavalier*
A Tzigane band from Budapest
Stirs in his city-straitened breast
The sleeping nomad. Further yet
He wanders, strains each nerve to get
Russia's dim voice—for sweeter far
To his fanatic ear-drums are
Cracked whispers from some distant land
Than loveliest music near at hand.

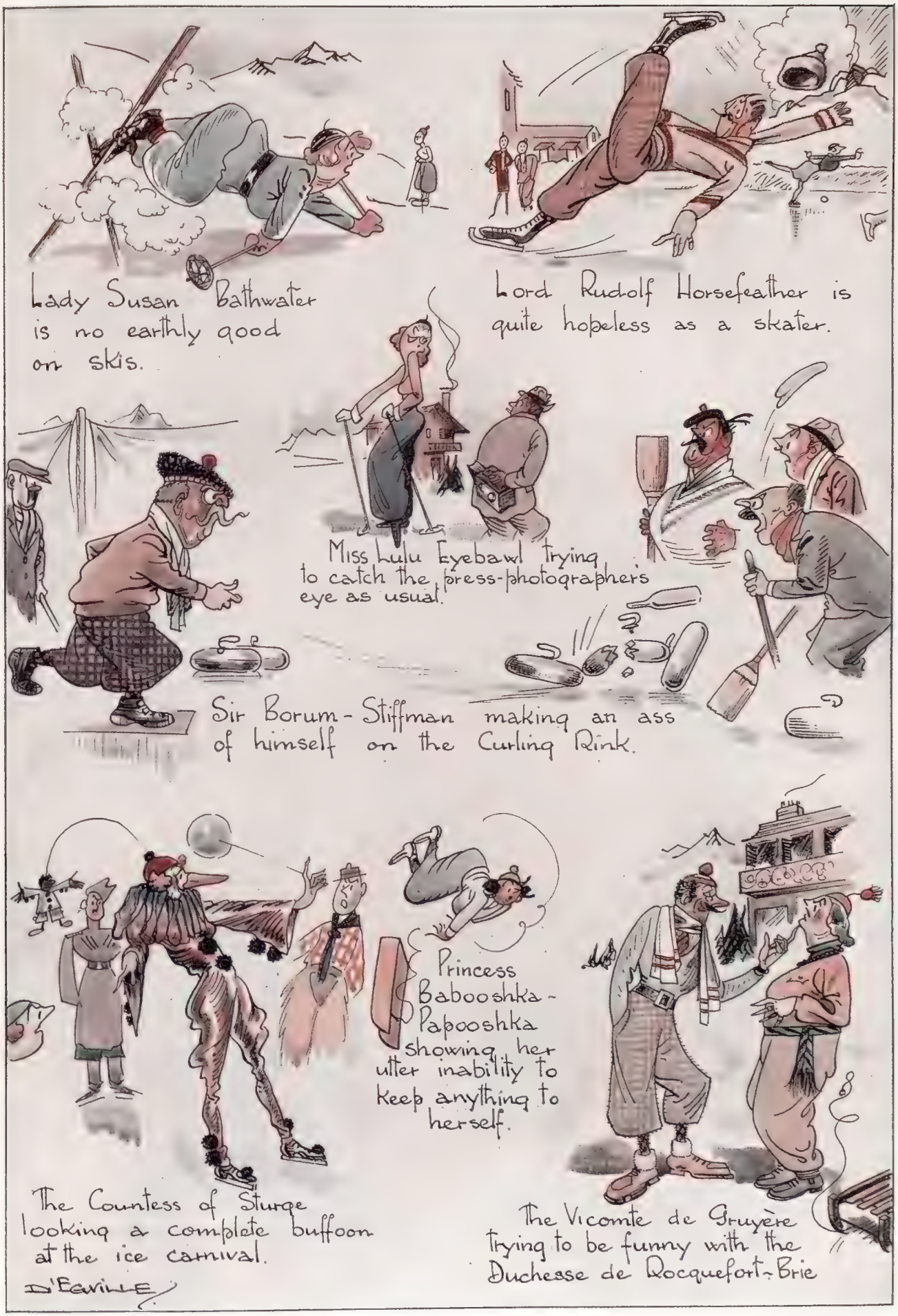
His wife—poor soul !—has long since fled,
Embittered, to her lonely bed.
The fire burns low ; but, hour on hour,
Dizzy with unaccustomed power,
Three parts a god, one part a slave,
Twiddling a knob, sits Mr. Wave.

MISS DEAR THE DÉBUTANTE

ONCE, long ago (this time last year),
You 'd not have recognised Miss Dear :
She wore a frankly shining nose,
Preferred lacrosse to pretty clothes,
And entertained her doting Form
To cocoa-parties in the dorm.
But now, with hair correctly curled,
She queens it in a different world.
Miss Dear is definitely " out " :
She goes to every ball and rout
And joins the fashionable hordes
At Ascot, Wimbledon, and Lord's.
She knows, in some mysterious way,
Just what to do and what to say,
And what to eat and what to drink :
To see her you would never think
She was the very same Miss Dear
Who played lacrosse this time last year.

Her stout mamma, with British phlegm,
Sits up each night till 4 a.m.,
And prays that very soon her girl
Will be proposed to by an earl—
Or, failing that, the son and heir
Of a not too nouveau millionaire.



"It reminds me of my Mother"

Un-autographed Caricatures from Switzerland

Who Cares?

(Inspired by an Embittered Study of the Society Columns)

By Glenda Graham

Illustrations by Molly Bishop

WHO cares if Lady Beatrix Duckling
Has given birth to babe or suckling?
Who cares that it 's her husband's pride;
That when he heard the news he cried:
" Let 's hope it 's got the Duckling brow;
Let 's pop him down for Eton *now*"?

WHO cares about Miss Peppercorn,
Who hunts each winter with the Quorn;
Who moves in June to Mayfair, where
She tells us how she does her hair,

"Let's pop him down for Eton now"

Who hunts each winter with the Quorn

Her hands, her face, her blasted feet,
And what she has to drink and eat,
And whom she craves and whom she shuns,
And all the charities she runs;
And *all* about her love-affairs—
Now which of us, I ask you, cares?

AND do you know, and have you heard
That " bundling " is *the* latest word?
That So-and-so 's *the* place to go?
That dear old ——'s *the* man to know?
While, if you want a week-end party
The ones at Blogg are good and hearty;
And even if you 've not a bean
It pays a fellow to be seen?

MY dears, it just is no one's biz
How luscious Basil's bedroom is,
All fragrant with his favourite scent.
But why is it he pays no rent?
Damn it, who cares? This frontispiece?
Who cares that it is Someone's niece?

OH, and the lovely only daughter
Of General Sir and Lady Snorter
Though only seventeen this spring
Already is a bright young Thing;
Has really got a *lovely* pair
Of eyes, snub nose, and Titian hair;
And though she does not ride a bike
Her dearest passion is to hike.
She keeps a darling baby mouse,
Is oh-so-good about the house;
Excels at every sport, of course,
Can sit just any sort of horse.
One of our young " Intelligents "
" Au point," although she ornaments;
" Au courant " with all novels, too,
Is always " thinking " something " new."
Adores lace undies, hates red flannel,
And means to swim the English Channel.
Who cares? They go on printing pages
Of all the crazy social rages;
They will persist in telling us
What most of us think fatuous.
Who cares? *Yet neither rhyme nor reason*
Will stop us reading it each Season.

The lovely only daughter

Twice in a Laughtime

A collection of Jokes—1934 vintage—which have appeared in weekly issues of the "Bystander" and are now republished by desire—thanks very much!

"The Fleet's in again—Dammit!"

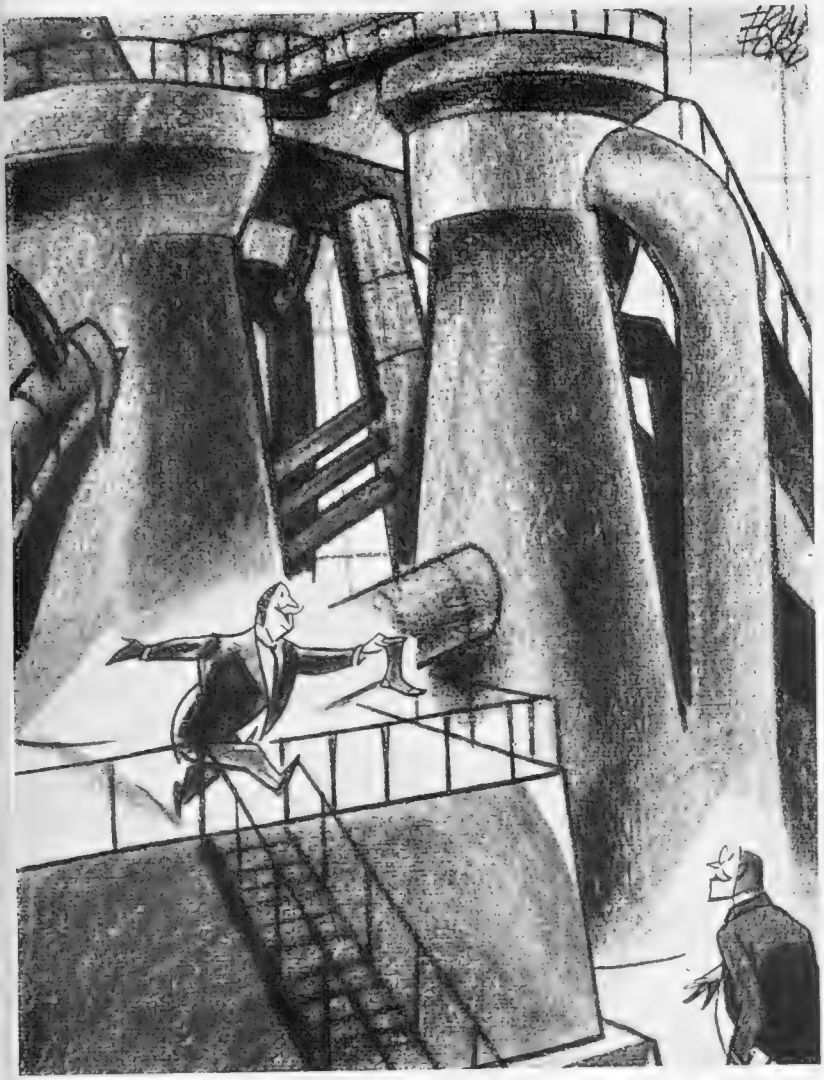
Sketches by
JOHN REYNOLDS
and WALTER GOETZ

"... and now, folks, Lubinsky sends his pawn crashing to victory"

Twice in a

Further Samples of 1934 Vintage

Sketches by
FRANK FORD,
JOHN REYNOLDS,



"It knits, Petersen, it knits!"

"M'm—three elephants instead of a hundred chorus girls . . . That's an idea"

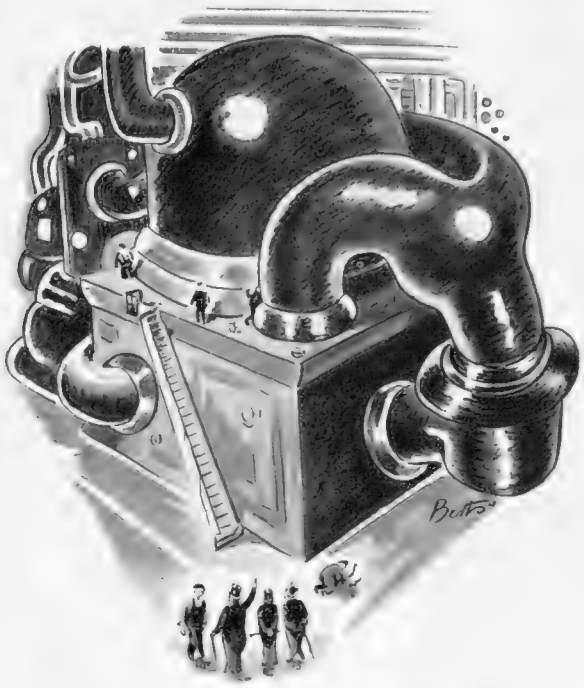
"Please remember, Dr. Krauss, that we are down here in the interests of Science"

"There must be some mistake—I'm here for appendicitis!"

Laughtime

with Tonic Properties

NICHOLAS BENTLEY, ROUSON, LUNT ROBERTS, WILKINSON, and D'ALLESIO.



"It's no use, we've got to cut down expenses! What's that thing for?"

"Mind you, I hate doing this sort of thing, but how else am I going to keep my boy at Balliol?"

"Madame can see, per'aps 'ow it is intended—yes?"

"Yes, you've got your mother's eyes!"

The sky darkened, and the boat rocked on the rising tide. He leant against the gunwale, c

Week-End . . .

Comfort — Harmony : Discomfort — Discord

When they motored down to the country on Friday evening they scarcely spoke to one another at all.

They both of them felt that words would spoil the perfect harmony. He sat at the steering-wheel, intent on his driving and the straight road before him, one hand directing the car and the other around her shoulders. She leant against him, her hands in her lap, and every now and again she sighed and murmured inarticulate sounds of appreciation.

He seemed to understand those sounds, because he answered them in his own way, smiling from time to time, his knee just touching hers.

Their minds were blank and foolish, empty of consecutive thought. Sometimes she glanced at him sideways, and it came to her presently that she adored the way his hair grew at the back of his neck. She did not notice the funny patches of sunburn on his forehead that reddened with every mile. He caught a glimpse of a dark curl under a béret that twisted upwards in the right way, yet missed the smear of powder that ran patchily on her nose. They were in love.

"You see," he told her once, "the marvellous thing about us is that we are such companions. I felt that about you from the first. No effort, no straining after effect. I can be perfectly natural with you. When I think of all the other women one has known——" and he broke off, laughing, shrugging his shoulders. After all, it would not hurt her to believe that there had been other women.

"Yes," she had said; "that 's what I feel, too. At last I can be myself—there 's no need to pretend any more. I can relax and be at peace." As she said this, she made her voice sound sad, a little tired, hoping by the inflexion she might suggest that, hitherto, her life had been too strong, too vital—that she was one of those who had burnt her candle at both ends.

"Peace," he said slowly. "Yes; how I longed for peace out in India. You haven't any conception, my darling, what life does to one out there." He had lived very comfortably in Madras for six years, but there was no need to go into all that. She had such romantic ideas of India; she might imagine him pig-sticking, in white breeches; studying Yogi, perhaps.

"I can picture you," she told him, "working and riding under that fierce sun, while I drifted aimlessly in London, leading my useless, butterfly life—going from party to party." She laughed, bitterly, she hoped, thinking she was conjuring in his mind the vision of night-club after night-club, nigger bands, bored sophistication—anything but the slightly formal evenings in Kensington to which she had been accustomed.

"It 's wonderful, isn't it," he said, "how we understand each other. We love the same things; we think alike; we disagree over nothing. I mean, it 's absolutely terrific the—well—I tell you——" He broke off lamely; words would not express his feelings.

"Darling!" she said.

When they arrived, the moon was shining on the water, and the tide was high. The waves broke gently on the beach below the house. "I 've often dreamt about places like this," she said vaguely, spreading out her arms. She never dreamt; but no matter. "I 've imagined lying on hot, white sand, with a cloudless sky above, and next to me someone I could love, who would understand. Someone who would give me peace."

"My sweet!" he murmured. She rather harped on peace, he thought. He was wondering whether it would be possible to hire a speed-boat here, with some reliable boatman in charge. "We 'll get a boat to-morrow, shall we?" he said. "And sail away from all this to the horizon." His voice was dramatic; he turned his profile to the sky. Swiftly she changed her mood to tune with his.

"You and I together, sailing towards the stars," she said. They felt so romantic, so adventurous, like Vikings almost . . .

By midday on Saturday they had little names for one another, and they talked in a special language. It was impossible for either of them to make a statement without lisping and pouting, without stamping their feet and clapping their hands. They had passed from a fatuous self-content to a strange senility.

"Mousie wants to go bathe," she said; and she was tall and dark, and she would not see thirty again. "Hoosie wants go bathe, too," he said. And they splashed each other and played ring-o'-roses in the sea.

"Hoosie's so big and strong," she told him, as they lay on their backs in the sun; "that 's why Mousie loves Hoosie so much." She ran her fingers up and down his arm. He shivered slightly; bathing did not agree with him.

"What 's for lunch?" he said, slapping his white, dead fingers. "I don't know about you, but I 'm hungry."

She felt hurt, suddenly, a little rebuffed. "I 'll go and see," she said. He repented, though; he saw the shadow between them. "Hoosie kiss Mousie first," he said.

in, tiful figure in his damp bathing-suit and mackintosh, his nose blue with the cold

By Daphne du Maurier

Illustrated by Clarke Hutton

She smiled, and the cloud passed away from the sun. "We do love each other, don't we?" she said.

"Yes, darling," he said.

She stumbled up the beach to the house, trailing her wet wrapper behind her. For the first time he noticed the calves of her legs were big without stockings.

They rested after lunch until five o'clock. The sky was still clear, and the sea without a tremor. "Is Hoosie going to take Mousie in a boat?" she asked.

He remembered his promise with misgiving. What a bore. Was she going to drag him out? "Hoosie will do anything Mousie wants," he said, yawning.

They walked down to the little quay to inspect the boats.

"Let's have that lovely red one, darling; it will just match my béret," she suggested.

"Mousie want red boatie?" he said absently, but he was wondering whether he could manage the engine.

"Quite simple, Sir," the fellow explained. "Fool-proof. A child could run her. Here's your spark; here's your throttle—adjust your lever, so—half-open. Give her three swings, then open up."

"What?" he said. "What? I don't follow. Say it again." He glanced over his shoulder to see if she had heard. She was settling herself among the cushions; she was not looking. The fellow started the engine in one swing, and in a moment they were away, the boatman waving encouragement from the quay. He gripped the tiller, glancing anxiously to right and left.

"Clever Hoosie, to manage boatie so well," she told him.

He swallowed, and stuck out his jaw. They were heading for the open sea. Thank God the water was smooth. He began to feel more at his ease; the light wind ruffled his hair, the spray danced in his face.

"Darling, you look so wonderful!" she screamed.

He smiled. Sweet little Mousie. He steered the boat towards a sheltered bay.

"WHAT's the time?" she asked sleepily. He woke with a start. How long had they been anchored in there? He could not remember. The sun had gone from the bay; the water looked grey and cold. They both shivered, and she reached for her coat. "Mousie wants to go home," she said.

He tried to remember what the fellow had told him about starting the engine. Open the thing how much?—pull which lever? He went on swinging without success, barking his knuckles every time. "Damn, blast and hell!" he swore, sucking his finger, the skin rubbed raw.

"Naughty Hoosie!" she scolded.

"Well, try the blithering thing yourself," he said.

"I don't pretend to know anything about boats," she answered. "But do get a move on. I'm cold and I want my supper."

He worked away in silence. "It's no good," he said, exhausted. "The beastly engine is a dud; it won't work. Good God! These fellows ought to be shot for hiring out a boat like this. Look here——." A screw came away in his hands.

"You pulled it off yourself; I saw you," she said. "I don't believe you know how it does go."

"That's right, blame me," he said. "Whose idea was it, anyway, yours or mine? I was perfectly content as we were. I didn't want to hire the blasted boat."

"Well, my dear, if I'd known you were so incapable, do you think I'd have come out in it?" she said. "Look at your face—all covered in oil smears. If you knew what you looked like——."

How like a woman, he thought: cursing him, when he had tried to please her. "Well, we're in a fine mess," he said gloomily. "I don't know what to do." He shivered; he put on a mackintosh. She was suddenly aware of the patch of sunburn on his forehead. His hair was thin on the top, too. She felt irritable, cold, and bored.

"Can't you shout or wave?" she said. "Surely someone will hear."

The beach and the cliffs were deserted, though; there was not a soul in sight. His "Coo-ee" sounded so ridiculous, she thought; shrill and hateful, like a boy scout's. The call got on her nerves. "Oh, do stop!" she said. "It's obviously no good."

He began blowing on his hands. "I hope the sea won't get up," he said. "I'm a rotten sailor. The slightest motion makes me sick."

She stared at him frozenly. "I thought you were good at these sort of things," she said. He flushed irritably. "D'you think I'm an explorer, or what?" he said. "I don't mind telling you that exposure is very bad for me; I get chills very easily. A few hours of this is enough to lay me off for weeks."

"Well, surely you've been used to roughing it in India?" she said, with a shrug of her shoulders.

"My dear girl, do you think India is a sort of movie-land for film stars? Don't show your ignorance. I had a very

comfortable house in Madras, with ten servants to look after me."

"Pity some of them aren't here now," she said icily.

They were silent for some minutes. The tide had turned and was coming in fast, rocking the boat from side to side.

"Look here," he said, "I don't like this at all. We're probably in very great danger. I don't like it."

"You might have thought of that before you brought me out here," she snapped. "All you cared about was showing off in that idiotic way. What on earth did you anchor in this horrible bay for, anyway?"

"Oh, it's my fault that we anchored, is it? Didn't you ask me to make love to you?" he said.

"Ask you! I like that! Do you think it gives me any pleasure to be messed about in this dirty, uncomfortable boat?" she said.

"Well, by heaven, I certainly wouldn't have done so if you hadn't chucked yourself at me," he said.

"Oh, so you accuse me of making myself cheap, do you?" she said. "I suppose you'll be saying next that it was I who suggested coming down here for the week-end?"

"My poor child, it was pretty obvious that you wanted to, wasn't it?"

"I don't know if you realise that you are talking like a cad and a liar. Nobody has ever said things like this to me before."

"They probably never had the chance," he said.

"You're appallingly conceited, aren't you?" she said, "and I suppose you think this is the first week-end I've ever spent with anyone in my life?"

"I can't say you give me the impression of having vast fields of experience," he said.

"Thank you," she said. "And you may as well know that it was my first week-end, and I don't mind telling you now that it's been the biggest disappointment of my life, from every point of view."

It began to rain, a few spots at first, then a drizzle, finally settling to a steady downpour for the evening. The sky darkened, and the boat rocked on the rising tide. He leant against the gunwale, a thin, pitiful figure in his damp bathing-suit and mackintosh, his nose blue with the cold.

She suddenly remembered a picture-book of her childhood, and an illustration of a little goblin called the Inky Imp. What an absurd object he was! How inefficient; how lacking in courage. She blew her nose, she began to cough. He turned away, so that he could not see her blotched and streaky face, the wet rats'-tails of hair that drooped upon her shoulders. She looked sulky, peaked, incredibly unattractive. She reminded him of a bedraggled mouse. Mouse. The name suited her, by thunder!

"Thank the Lord we don't have to go on talking that perishing language, anyway," he thought.

She watched him sullenly for a while, then stubbed him with her foot. "If you're going to be sick, for God's sake *be* sick," she said, "and have done with it."

THEY were towed back to the harbour by a fishing-boat, at five in the morning. Already he was suffering agonies with rheumatism in his feet, and he had a chill on the liver. She was starting a cold in the head and her right cheek was swollen with neuralgia. They went straight to bed, and slept until the afternoon. They woke to a grey, cheerless Sunday, with the rain still pattering against the windows

They sat in the sitting-room on two hard chairs, while the fire smoked, and they had not even the Sunday papers. Their minds were blank and foolish, empty of consecutive thought. Sometimes she glanced at him and noticed the patch of sunburn on his forehead. He caught a glimpse of the smear of powder on her nose. They were no longer in love.

"You see," he told her, "the thing is, we aren't companions, really, at all; we don't even like the same things or have one thought in common. It's so hopeless that — well — I tell you——" he broke off lamely, shrugging his shoulders.

"That's what I feel, too," she said. "We simply rub each other the wrong way the entire time. You make me restless and miserable."

"I wish to heaven I was back in India," he told her.

"I can imagine you," she laughed bitterly, "sitting on a stupid office-stool, biting the end of your pen, while I'm being useful canvassing for Members of Parliament at by-elections."

They listened to the rain and the surf on the shore.

"This is a hateful place," she said; "gloomy and depressing; nothing but stretches of heavy sand-dunes. Like a convict settlement."

"Fool!" he thought, but he was wondering whether it would be possible to hire a car to take them back to town. He was too tired to drive himself.

"It gives me neuralgia just to sit in this appalling room," she said. But he had not heard. "Let's get a car," he said, "and leave the beastly spot, and go back to London." His voice was irritable; he peered moodily out of the window, and the rheumatism pricked at his shoulders.

"You and I, driving in that way alone?" she said. They were so bored with one another, so tired. A tiny patch of blue appeared in the sky and a blackbird whistled from a tree. They did not see, they did not hear. "God! it might be the end of the world here," he said.

When they motored up to London on Sunday evening they scarcely spoke to one another at all.

THE END

"Gad, Sir! A good looker"

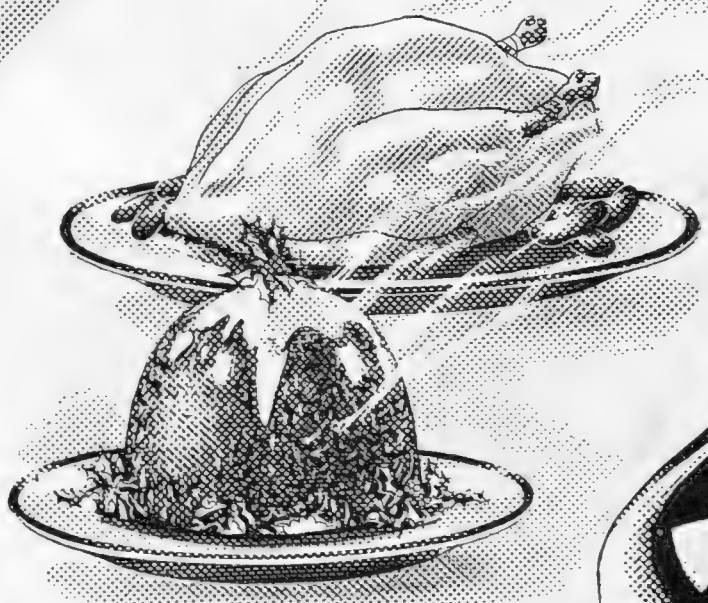
VAT 69

Liqueur Scotch Whisky

Shapes that Recall Quality

The generous proportions of the turkey and the plum pudding—recalling that congenial quality of Christmas-time, generosity with good spirits. The shape of the VAT 69 bottle—recalling the highest quality in Whisky, the perfections of genuine liqueur Scotch Whisky.

But neither bottle nor Whisky tells you that VAT 69 costs only 12/6—a fact recalled with pleasure at all Wine and Spirit Dealers, Restaurants and Bars.



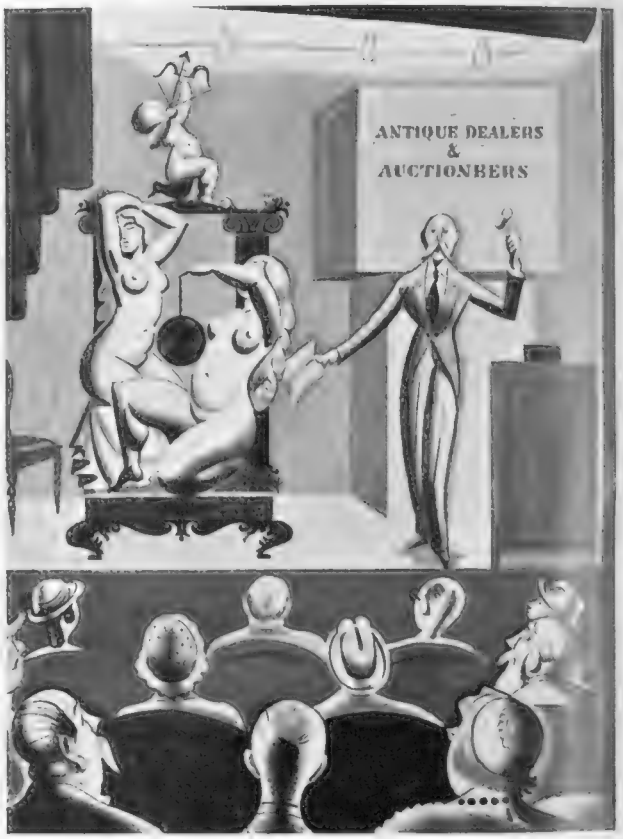
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND SINCE 1863 BY *Sanderson's*

Quality Tells—

Twice in a Laughtime

Yet Further Samples of 1934 Vintage with Tonic Properties

"Keep still, Murgatroyd, it's not dead yet"



"Ladies and gentlemen, No. 47—a dinner-gong"

"Now, once again, Eric, and just imagine that you're walking hand-in-hand with the Fairy Bluebell"

Sketches by
ROUSON,
FRANK FORD,
and NICHOLAS PARTEN.

SPEED WITH SILENCE

THERE GOES A NEW ALVIS . . . another motorist under the spell of "ALVIVACITY" . . . speeding silently and smoothly through the racing wind at sixty, seventy or more miles an hour. What a masterpiece of British engineering! No wonder the ALVIS is the ultimate choice of experienced motorists. It is not merely that the ALVIS is fast, but that it is fast, smooth and silent that constitutes its especial fascination. SPEED WITH SILENCE has definitely arrived with the advent of the new 1935 ALVIS cars, and in this respect such qualities are unique. Its smoothness at sixty miles an hour, and its riding comfort on rough roads is a revelation. Other cars meet the demand for daily transportation, but only an ALVIS is bought for the sheer joy of motoring in its most fascinating form. Why be satisfied with anything else, now you can obtain a 1935 ALVIS from £490. British and BEST! We shall be pleased to send you full particulars, and arrange a demonstration. Alvis Car and Engineering Co., Ltd., Coventry. London Showrooms: 18 Berkeley Street, W.1.

ALVIVACITY

H.P.

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The Inspectre

Possesses a voracious appetite and is the natural enemy of the Bowlerat, a timid, snail-like creature, which forms its staple diet

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Humber has always been symbolical of the most efficient, comfortable and luxurious motoring it is possible to enjoy. Whether you wish for the silent power and dignity of the luxurious 7-seater limousine; or sporting performance with the silence, comfort and roominess always associated with Humber, it is certain to be gratified by one of this magnificent range of cars.

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Snipe '80' Sports Saloon £550 (1935 *Tax* £18.0.0)

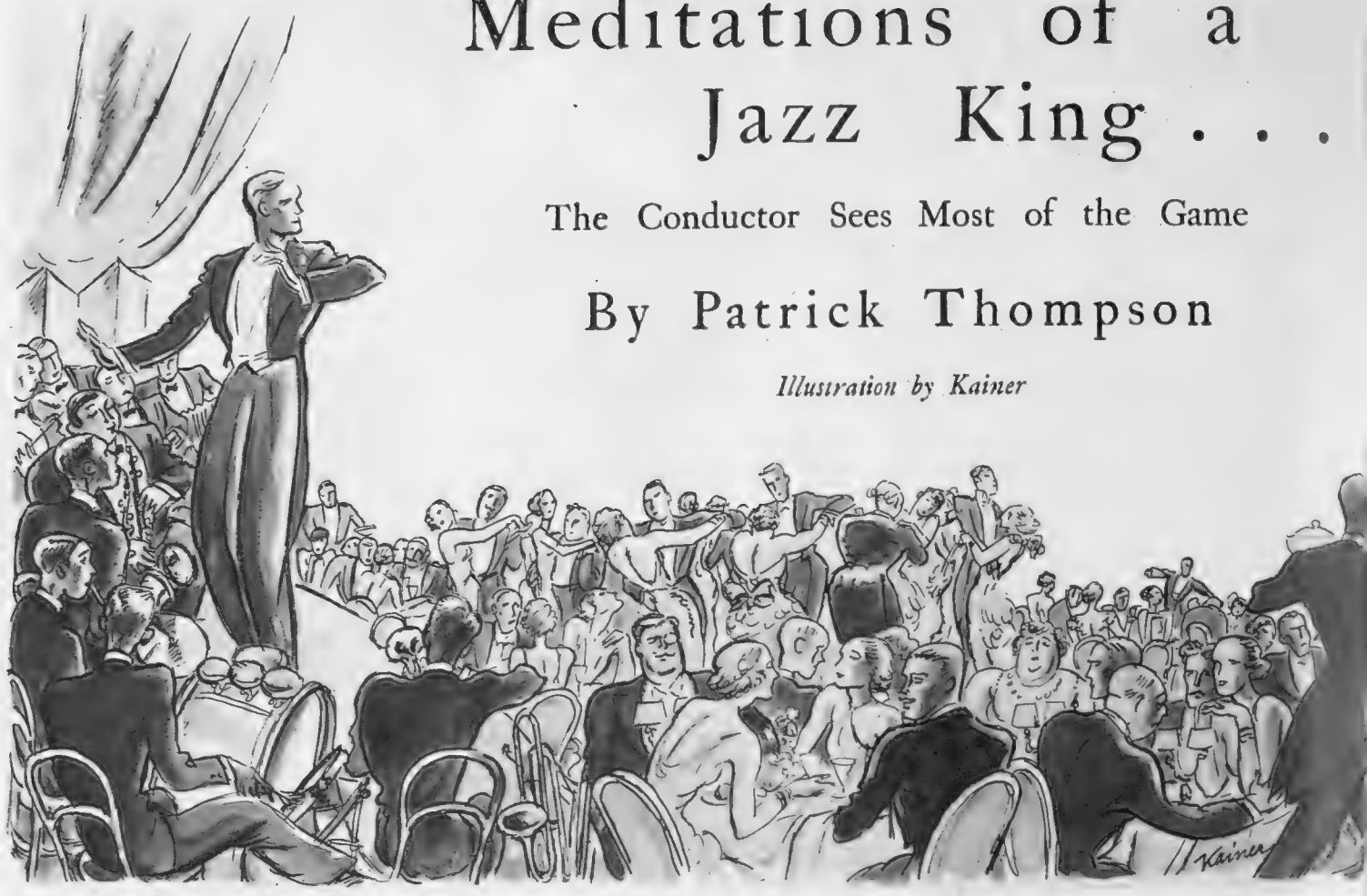
PULLMAN · SNIPE "80" · 16/60 · AND THE NEW 'TWELVE'

Meditations of a Jazz King . . .

The Conductor Sees Most of the Game

By Patrick Thompson

Illustration by Kainer



HE came in with his quick, confident stride, and took over from Jerry with a wave of his manicured hand. "Brrroum, brrroum, brrroum! Come on, come on! Hot her up, boys, hot her up!" They bent more vigorously to saxes and trombones, fiddles and drums, and he looked, with his suave and gleaming smile, over the orchidaceous interior, sparsely peopled in the pause before the theatres emptied; and the jazz boys looked at him furtively over their instruments and knew that, inside, he was all a-snarl, and he looked back at them, with his showman's smile creased over his astute face, and knew that they knew, and drove them on.: "Hot it up! Come on, will you? Hot it up!"

Sometimes he wondered why and how he stood it, and this was one of the times. Making sexy jungle noises for nitwits and boneheads who didn't want to go home and face themselves and their thoughts. True, they paid him a lot to make them forget the bad dream of life. He had his big, blue, high-powered limousine, his sumptuous Mayfair flat, his valet, and enough boiled shirts to outfit all the waiters in this joint. But by the time he had settled his bills and taxes and open contango account and paid the boys, what was left? Cigar money!

And he was razzing himself to pieces. Take to-day. Where should he have been from seven until it was time to dress and come on the job? He should have been reclining on the day-bed, tubbed, at peace, after a boiled egg and a cup of tea, dreaming in twilight. And where had he been? He had been with that dizzy blonde, arguing, demanding, rowing over the second bottle of champagne, although he ought not to swallow so many cold, wet oysters, guzzle so much champagne; he hated the stuff, anyway. Champagne, champagne, champagne. . . . always champagne. He thought she was one of the acquiescent types he liked, amusing, light, coquettish; and she 'd turned out that way. Just wouldn't play. . . .

WOMEN. . . . There was Mrs. Tomnoddy, the old hag, seventy, if a day, and dolled up like a Christmas-tree; and there was Monocle Moll, with a new diamond bangle, and Bertie, with his long, ass's face. The gigolo with milady in the far corner was new. How long would he last? Gaston had lasted five weeks, and Freddy a brief three. He had watched, with cynical amusement, Freddy grow paler and paler, and wilt like a lily with sunstroke; and at last Freddy had ceased to escort milady, and some said casually that he had quit, and others that he had been fired with contumely, but also with a fat cheque, for nobody could say that milady was not generous to her lap-dogs: not that she couldn't afford to be with eighty thousand a year and no particular extravagances. She didn't run racehorses, racing cars, or racing motor-boats; only her young men, and they weren't a racing breed.

Oh, Julia, oh, Julia, why so peculiar? . . .

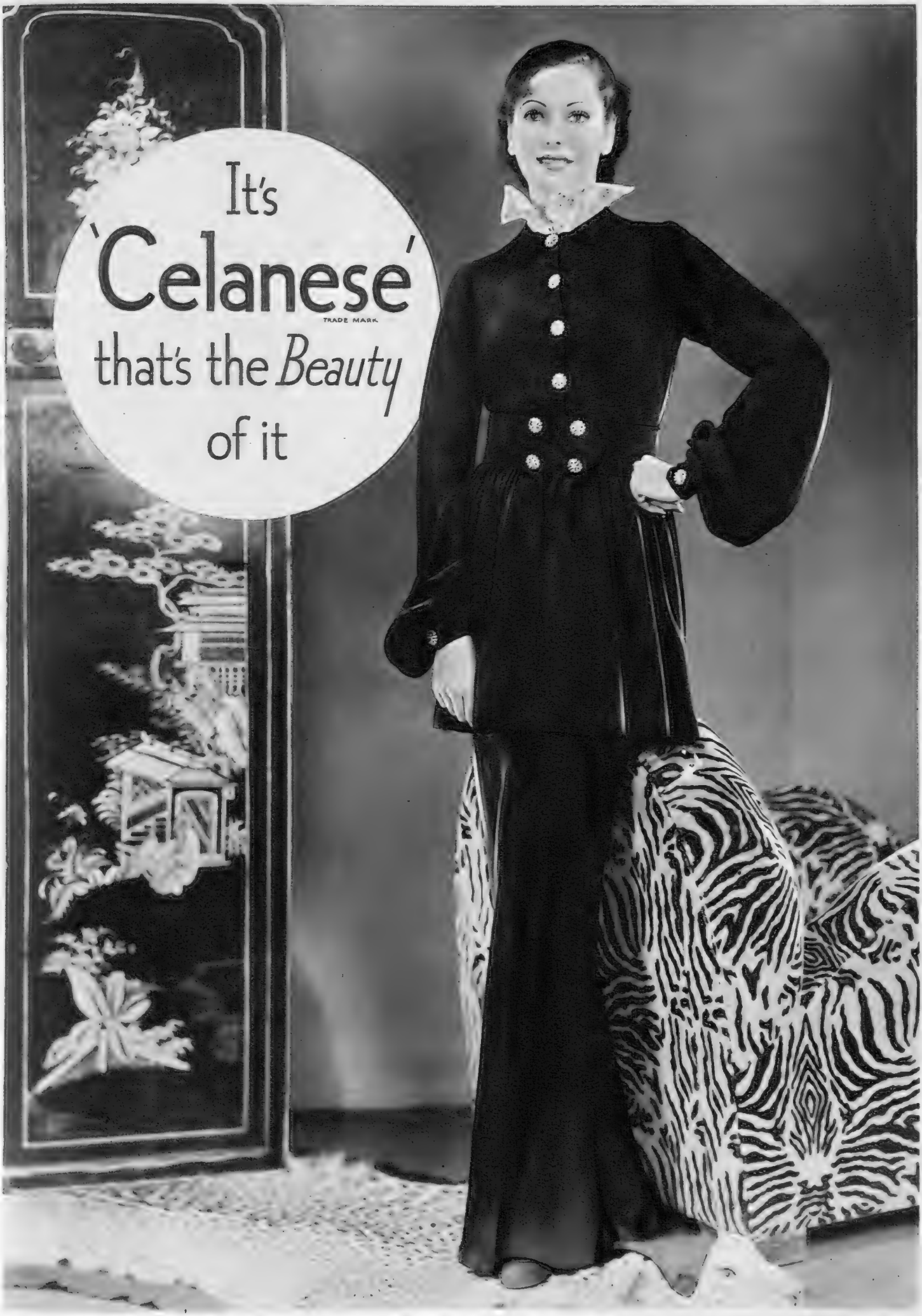
Ha, here they come, the after-theatre crowd. Our famous Jermyn Street friend, with a new wave in his black hair. The Baron, odorous with the cosmetics he introduces to the ladies. The Americaine: who 'd think the brother-looking youngster with her was her son? Marvellous, these dames. That curled, golden hair might be absolutely natural. . . "Good-evening, my lady . . . . 'Hot Lips'? We 'll make it the next number—or the one after." . . . Why don't these women hold themselves up? No sense of balance, no carriage. Not like the Cubans and Brazilians.

Ah, the Duchess! What, no Dook? No Dook. The Duchess amuses herself this evening. Where have I seen that man before? Ah, yes, the polo player. . . . Duchess, Duchess, watch your step! The Dook would not like this; he would not like this at all. He must know about this polo guy, if you don't. Or do you? Are you a dark horse, Duchess? Have you had a row with the Dook? Are you going the way of all of 'em, Duchess? Joining the play-around party? Well, well . . .

Beale Street mama,
Why don't you come back home?
It isn't praper to leave your papa
All alo-o-o-o-o-ne.

HELLO, the little rich girl 's back? They said she 'd gone off with a gondolier after that last row with friend husband, but that can't be the gondolier. Well, not much to choose between any of those guys. Gondoliers or gigolos, husbands or hop-boys, it 's all one with these little rich girls. When they 're hard and clever, they find out what they want, and buy the man; and when they 're dumb and soft, they just stand around and moo. . . . She 's playing poor this evening. Only five diamond-and-platinum bracelets, a rope of pearls,

(Continued on page vi)



Sole Manufacturers of 'Celanese' Yarn and Fabrics, and Proprietors of the Trade Mark Celanese. British Celanese Limited, Celanese House, Hanover Square, London, W.1.

"It's the Colonel!"

The Friend of Man *(Continued from page 14)*

"You take everything seriously, don't you?"

"Come on, let me get you a drink."

That was surprisingly neat, the way he turned the conversation, and the shoulder which touched hers as he steered her to the cocktails was hard as iron, yet springy. Jacky was watching! He was watching!

Too subtle to overdo her tactics, she slightly turned her head and smiled up at Carter.

If this was how other women felt when they made a man jealous, when they knew a man admired them—no wonder they did it! Pandora felt as though years of good behaviour and sober reticence were sliding from her shoulders. A submerged part of her personality was coming to light, like the shape of a tree in autumn from beneath its fading leaves.

The next day Carter telephoned and asked if she would do a show with him; and she said "Yes," thinking that, of course, he *would* say "do a show" and that it would be a good opportunity to see some ballet. But there was to be no ballet for Pandora Bland; he rang off before she could tell him that she wanted to see some ballet, and when he telephoned her again in the evening it was to say that he had got stalls for a huge, lush musical comedy, full of primæval humour and legs.

"Well!" thought Pandora, feeling breathless and not at all sure of herself as she sat beside him. "Champagne and stalls . . . what am I coming to? And not a word about books or music or anything intelligent have we said since the evening began. What have we *talked about?* I 'm blessed if I know." All the same, despite her disturbed state of mind, and her feeling of guilt and shame at using one man to attract another, she enjoyed the evening. The music was so gay and the girls were so pretty and the dancing so neat: she felt truly grateful as she said "Good-night" to him and thanked him.

She thought that his manner was different as he said good-night. It seemed less restrained; a tension had gone out of it and the steady, bold look had left his eyes.

Pandora was conscious of a tiny feeling of disappointment, which she indignantly tried to quell.

"I thought he was going to be a nuisance, but apparently he isn't," she thought, as she stood by the gas-stove, watching the kettle boil for her dreary little hot-water bottle. "Well, *that's* a comfort. We can just be friends . . . as I 've been with so many men."

And as she passed through the sitting-room on the way to her bedroom, the coloured print of the "Friend of Man" looked nobly down at her from its red frame.

Surprisingly, Pandora made a face at it.

It soon began to be rumoured in Pandora's set that The Aborigine was in love with her. This was thought extremely amusing; and everyone waited to see how Jacky would react to the news. Some of Pandora's nicer and more sincere friends said that it served Jacky right; they had been waiting for five years to see Jacky realise what a treasure lay under his handsome nose, and ask Pandora to marry him.

Others, less nice, said that Pandora was losing her fastidiousness as she grew older, and that, really, she must be much more stupid than anyone had suspected, or else she would not be able to spend evenings alone with that incredibly dull young man.

JACKY was, at first, amused, then incredulous, then angry. He tried to conceal his anger, but not successfully, because he was not a proud or a reticent person. Everyone knew that he was angry with Pandora and dismayed because her spare time no longer lay slavishly at his disposal. When he rang her up, she was either just going out with Mr. Carter, or else she had just come in from being out with Mr. Carter, and they were just going to have tea, and wouldn't Jacky come round? If he had been the kind of person to whom such comparisons occur, Jacky would have thought of himself as the hero of the song called "I Never See Maggie Alone," but he was not that kind of person.

He took Pandora's treachery (that was what he called it to himself, "treachery") very hard. He had no one to talk to now about Laura, who was carrying on in the most awful way, and whom he still loved so painfully, so hopelessly. Nor did it occur to him that if Laura had been given one or two good whangs on the jaw in the first six months of their marriage, she would have settled down to having babies and worshipping Jacky; she was that sort.

Jacky, in short, was a weak man; not a strong, gentle one. He was a weak, over-sensitive, over-talkative man, with enough charm to launch a battleship, and that was all.

Was Pandora beginning to suspect this?

No one will ever know, because of what happened one awful Sunday . . .

A drizzly, foggy Sunday, a dreadful, endless Sunday which had been chosen by Mr. Carter to take Pandora into the country on, and she with a bad cold in the head, and very undecided about the wisdom of her tactics with Jacky, and secretly wanting to stay at home and read a nice book by the fire, but overwhelmed by the firmness and generalship of Mr. Carter.

He arrived at half-past nine in an old, hired, closed car which acted as a funnel for all the draughts that blow.

"Got a cold, have you?" asked Mr. Carter, looking keenly at Pandora's eyes and her little pink nose. "Ah! . . . a blow will soon do that good. I thought we 'd go up to Charlton Rings. Know Charlton Rings? There 's a pub there where we can have a bit of lunch, and we can walk about a bit and look at the view. What do you think?"

Pandora thought it sounded quite frightful, but did not dare to say so. She murmured something about having to be home early because Mr. Foster (that was Jacky) was coming to take her out to supper, and Mr. Carter said that *that* would be all right. Part of Pandora's charm for men had always been her silences, her sweetly indolent acquiescence in any plan they chose to suggest, and Mr. Carter fell under the spell as so many other men friends of Pandora's had fallen. It did not occur to him, as it had never occurred to all the others, that Pandora might not want to bump forty-five miles to Charlton Rings in a draughty car, with a cold in her head. He would be beside her, he would be able to feel the warmth of her body through the rug in which he was now wrapping her (Pandora struggled, like one who is being buried alive, but in vain), and that was all he cared about.

It would not be quite true to say that the drive was hellish from beginning to end, because Pandora quite enjoyed the first twenty miles.

True, the rug smelt of very old dogs and was besprinkled with dubious feathers, which suggested that at some time it had been used to nurse chickens on, but it really was warm, and she always liked (she was just beginning to admit this to herself) being with Mr. Carter. Stanley, she thought, glancing at his red, irregular, oddly youthful profile, outlined against the drab windscreen of the car, in spite of never having an intelligent word to say . . . or perhaps because of it . . . was an extraordinarily restful person to be with.

This was simply because he knew what he wanted, had made up his mind about most subjects, and was a contented and sensible man, but Pandora could not be expected to realise this, because she had never before met a sensible and contented man. They are rare.

(Continued on page 74)

A Christmas Suggestion

BOOTH'S

Ready Mixed COCKTAILS

At Christmas-time, when all the hospitality and good Cheer that is possible must be crammed into the short holiday, you will find Booth's Ready-Mixed Cocktails an invaluable time-saver.

However many friends drop in unexpectedly—however many members of the family gravitate home for Christmas, you are prepared—it only means producing a few more glasses. If a long drink is wanted—and Christmas is always a thirsty time—it's a case for John Collins—an old favourite, but increasingly popular.

BRITISH EMPIRE COCKTAIL COMPETITION, 1934
(Organised by the United Kingdom Bartenders' Guild)

1st and 2nd PRIZE WINNERS

USED BOOTH'S DRY GIN

"Royal Romance" Cocktail won 1st prize, "Wanda's Dream," 2nd—and 16 out of the 20 semi-finalists won their heats with Cocktails using Booth's Dry Gin.

No. 1

No. 2

1 1 Booth's Martini Cocktail (dry)
1 Booth's Martini Cocktail (sweet)
1 Booth's John Collins *Price* **32/-**

2 1 Booth's Martini Cocktail
1 Booth's Bronx Cocktail
1 Booth's Manhattan Cocktail *Price* **32/-**

NOTE : All of the above can be made up in threes to suit individual tastes, or single bottles obtained at **10/6** each

Cocktails guaranteed by the name BOOTH'S —in hexagonal cocktail bottles, attractively packed for Christmas in Tantalus Cabinets strongly made in polished dark oak.

The Friend of Man *(Continued from page 72)*

Yes, Stanley was restful to be with, but he could not give her (she mused) the sweet and painful ecstasy which Jacky could give. After an evening with Jacky, she felt stimulated and alive; after an evening with Stanley she felt soothed, sedate, ironed-out.

What woman (she mused) wants to feel sedate and ironed out?

But then they began going over patches of very bad road, and the car bumped so hideously that Pandora bounced up and down inside the smelly rug in a most uncomfortable manner. Every time her nose came out, it stuck into a steady draught whistling through the window, and when it was plunged into the rug again, it was tickled and made to inhale the ancient and dog-like smell.

"Goes well, doesn't she?" said Mr. Carter proudly. "You 'd never think she was twelve years old, would you? She belongs to a pal of mine over here. Aren't getting wet, are you?"

Pandora was getting wet in three distinct places, for the fine rain blew in steadily through the gaps in the car. Her feet were very cold, in spite of the rug, and the smells were making her feel a little sick. She looked wildly, curiously, at Stanley Carter. His face was serene. Was this the way, she wondered, that he usually took women out for the day, and did he expect them to like it? But perhaps Australian young women enjoyed this kind of day?

And yet . . . there was something curiously attractive about his serene pleasure! It occurred to her that though he must obviously have worked very hard, he must have remained a singularly unspoiled and simple person if he could enjoy bumping over bad roads in a twelve-year-old car just because he had a woman he cared about by his side.

There was something nice about that. Never mind if it was selfish, and if none of the men that had formerly been her friends would have done it . . . there was something touching and attractive about it.

And wasn't it quite as bad to be selfish in more subtle ways; to steal a woman's time and sympathy and energy and give nothing in return but empty charm . . .?

"Here we are!" said Mr. Carter, stopping the car with a sickening jerk. "There 's a view for you!"

LIKE too many views, this one over Buckinghamshire consisted chiefly of being able to see a long way. It was whispered that, on fine days, the gazer could see across four counties, but to-day the only prospect was one of weeping clouds and fields hidden in mist, far below. One knew one was high up; one thought "Must be a wonderful view on a fine day," and that was all there was to it.

"Spot of lunch," said Mr. Carter, leading the frozen and slowly-becoming-furious Pandora across the brown and sullen turf to a sullen-looking little public house whose door was closed against the driving rain. It stood on a patch of bare ground, backed by wind-twisted thorn-trees, and it looked as though it would reopen on the Last Day.

Mr. Carter rapped severely at the door.

Pandora stood with her coat collar turned up, staring away into the mist and feeling wretched, cold, angry. If only he had not been so obviously enjoying himself! Look at him now, gazing at her with his head on one side, looking about seventeen and so silly! She was so miserable and felt so forlorn and lonely that suddenly the tears came to her eyes, and she turned away to wipe them, and the raindrops, from her cheeks.

Mr. Carter rapped again.

"I could just do with a bit of roast and some Yorkshire," said the guileless Australian, who had no experience of English pubs on a wet Sunday.

The door opened.

A large, fair, dirty, drooping man stood there, with a Sunday paper hanging from one hand. He looked long-suffering, but a little malicious, as though he were about to enjoy himself at somebody else's expense.

"What about a spot of lunch, George?" said Mr. Carter amiably.

The large, fair, dirty man's lips parted in a slow and satisfied smile.

"We don't do no lunches," he said.

"Here . . . but it says 'Lunches' outside," protested Mr. Carter, jerking his thumb at a board in the background.

The large, fair, dirty man looked.

"Ar . . ." he said at last, "that don't mean nothing, that don't. That 's for the summer, see?"

"Then why not take it down in the winter?" demanded Mr. Carter, glancing at Pandora, to see how she appreciated his boldness and wit. Pandora was staring away remotely at the weeping landscape.

"That 'ud cost money," said the dirty man, suddenly seeming to tire of the conversation, and he made as though to close the door.

"Here . . . wait a bit . . . haven't you even any *ham*?" cried Mr. Carter, uttering that word which is the hope of the hungry, the last cry of despair from those who seek food on a Sunday in England.

"'Am. Well, we may 'ave. If you come in, I 'll see. Mind you, I can't promise. We don't get many 'ere on Sunday in the winter," and he looked at them thoughtfully, as though he was trying to decide whether they were fugitives from justice.

The end of it was that they ate salt, tough ham in a panelled parlour, without a fire. They had with it some cracked, but moist, yellow cheese, some very new bread which could be pulled out, if the eater chose, like indiarubber, some flat, sour, draught beer, and tinned pineapple, with lumpy, cold custard.

"If Jackie were here," thought Pandora, "how scathing he would be about all this! And he would tell me how much better they order things at the tiniest inn in France; and describe the omelette and the vin ordinaire, and the pot au feu, all simple, but hot and delicious and nourishing. . . ."

And she gently put down her knife and fork.

It now seemed to be dawning upon Stanley that all was not well with the day, and Pandora.

"Aren't you enjoying yourself?" he asked bluntly. Another man would have said, in some embarrassment and guiltily: "I say, I 'm afraid this isn't much fun for you. I 'm terribly sorry . . ."

Not so Mr. Carter. A note of surprised indignation sounded in his voice; but there was a hurt look in his eyes, too. He did not mind the nasty lunch, the cold and damp and the vague smells. Pandora was with him, and that was all he asked. "Yes," thought she, looking at his plain, shy, honest face, "and he 's a nicer and a more spiritual person than I am. All *he* wants is love." And she did not know what to say, and whether to laugh or cry. "Oh, dear, why do I have dealings with such hopeless men? Oh, I 'm so miserable, I wish I could cry all over him. I wonder what he would do?"

"Yes . . . thank you very much . . . only I 'm rather cold, that 's all . . ." she said; and then wished she had not, because he took her outside, where a stiff wind had blown the rain away, and walked her up and down in it, "to get the circulation going," with the kindest warm hand under her elbow. She leaned with a curious sensation of comfort and protection on his hard shoulder, and did not look up, or she would have seen such an anxious, transfigured face!

But going home . . . going home was the worst part of the day. It began to rain again. Mr. Carter lost the way. The car stuck in the mud for fifteen minutes. Pandora's cold was much worse. She was most unromantically hungry. And then he stopped at a noisy, garish tea-place on the outskirts of Richmond, where the wireless blared maddeningly, and there was a stifling smell of high teas being fried. The cakes were stale and sugary, there was no China tea to be had, and the Indian was a deep, rich crimson, in which the spoons almost stood up, and it tasted bitter.

Stanley had some fried fish and chips. He was hungry.

Pandora wanted some, too, but she was so furious, so coldly angry with this boor, this complacent ass who had treated her to one of the most miserable days she had ever spent in her life, that she felt she *must* keep up to her dignity. It would vanish if she greedily ate fish and chips with him in bestial silence and content. And, oh! it was nearly a quarter past six, and Jacky would be coming at seven o'clock! True, she had put the key in a note under the mat, but he would be so angry at being kept waiting.

Trembling and hysterical with hunger, rage, and the cold in her head, Pandora was packed into the car again at half-past six, and off they went. She had said nothing for the last quarter of an hour; and once or twice he had glanced at her timidly, and a little indignantly, but still she would not speak.

He took advantage of a block in the traffic outside Hammersmith Tube Station to ask her to marry him.

"Will you marry me?" he said, in a low, and almost unintelligible gabble, bending forward to stare out at the policeman's hand, and not looking at Pandora. The glare of lights fell on his face, and the

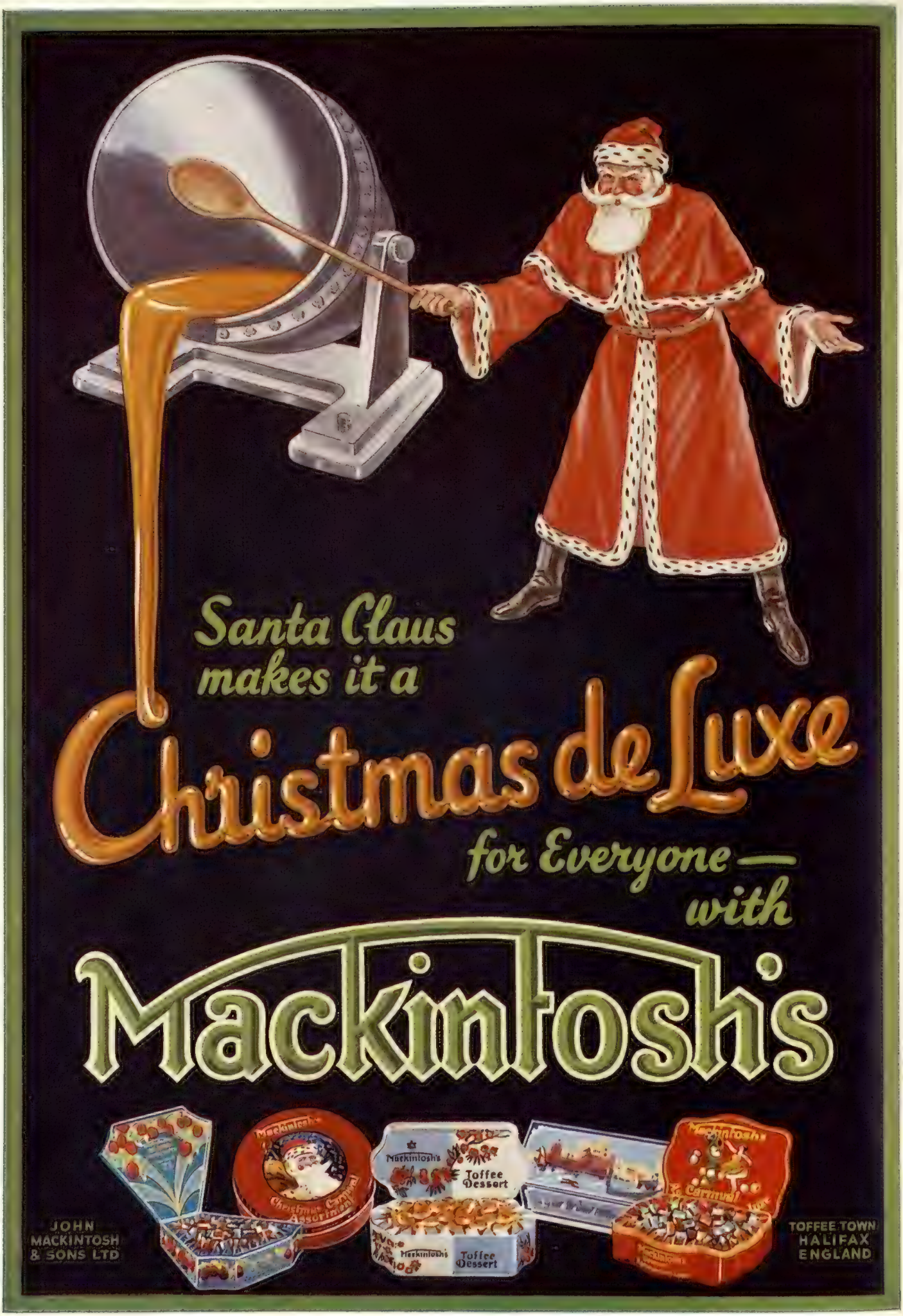
(Continued on page 1)

"In pale pink with lace godets"

Whitbread & Co., Ltd *Gilbert Cousland*

Here's to a good Flip!

Miss Dorothy Dickson and Mr. John Tilley
talking it over with Mr. Richard Pearse the well-known Pilot at Heston Airport


Santa Claus
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The Friend of Man *(Continued from page 74)*

strained look which she knew meant unbearably strong feeling.

"*What?* I'm sorry . . . what did you say?" she asked, with a thrill of alarm, of indignation, rushing through her body.

"I said . . . will you marry me? I love you. Loved you ever since I saw you. I'd do anything to make you happy. I can offer you a bit . . . nice little house. Oh, Pandora . . ." he turned, facing her, just as the policeman's hand fell, and the traffic surged forward: "Please, I love you so much. I can't sleep."

This was terrible. With her cheeks burning, she turned her head away. She had never come across any experience like this before. It was impossible to speak while she was looking at that eager, pathetic face, with its touch of self-assurance gone. She said quickly: "Be careful . . . it's dangerous here . . . let's get out of this jam . . ."

WHEN they were in a quieter road she had got her composure back. She said, still without looking at him: "I'm sorry. It's out of the question. You see, we've nothing in common . . . our interests aren't the same. It would mean my leaving England . . ."

"Never mind all that, do you love me?"

"No . . . why . . . of course . . . no; I'm sorry. I don't."

Then came the astounding answer: "Yes, you do, then."

"*What nonsense,*" cried Pandora wildly. "How *dare* you! How absurd. I never heard such . . . I'm sorry. You must see it's quite hopeless. You don't understand me, if you can think I . . ."

"Love me? Yes, I do think it, my girl. I understand you a long sight better than you do yourself. You don't know—I do. I know what you want, you see. You think I'm a rough sort of bloke that doesn't understand about books and foreign travel and that. Well, I don't. But I could if I wanted to. I'll try to, if it would please you . . . I . . . I love you very much. I've never loved a woman before so's I wanted to marry her and have kids. Don't mind me. You think it over. You love me all right. I know you do. I knew it when you let me take your arm."

She said nothing, only shook her head, with the tears running down her cheeks. Perhaps he was right. Perhaps she did love him. Whether she did or not, she would certainly never forget him as long as she lived. He was the strangest man she had ever met, and, in spite of his impossibilities, one of the nicest. But oh! it was getting so late, and Jacky would be waiting for her.

Oh! to escape back to Jacky, and the familiar life she loved!

"Please," she muttered, turning to him, "could we hurry a little? Mr. Foster will be waiting for me, and I shall be so late. I'm terribly, terribly sorry, but it's quite out of the question. Please . . . try not to mind . . . not to be too miserable."

The name of Jacky struck a silence between them which lasted until he stopped the car outside the block of flats where she lived.

Pandora looked up at her window, and saw, with a feeling of dismay, that there was a light there. Oh dear, he was there . . . he had been waiting for her, and he would be hurt and angry!

She turned impulsively to Carter.

"Good-bye. I'm sorry it should have ended like this. I'm so very, *very* sorry. I would give anything if things could be different."

But all he said was, not looking so wretched as she had feared: "If you want me, I'm round the corner. At the Edmonstone. I'll be there till Tuesday, early. Don't you fret. Never say die."

He did not look at her, but drove away in the shocking old car, with his face looking at once set, unhappy, and cocksure.

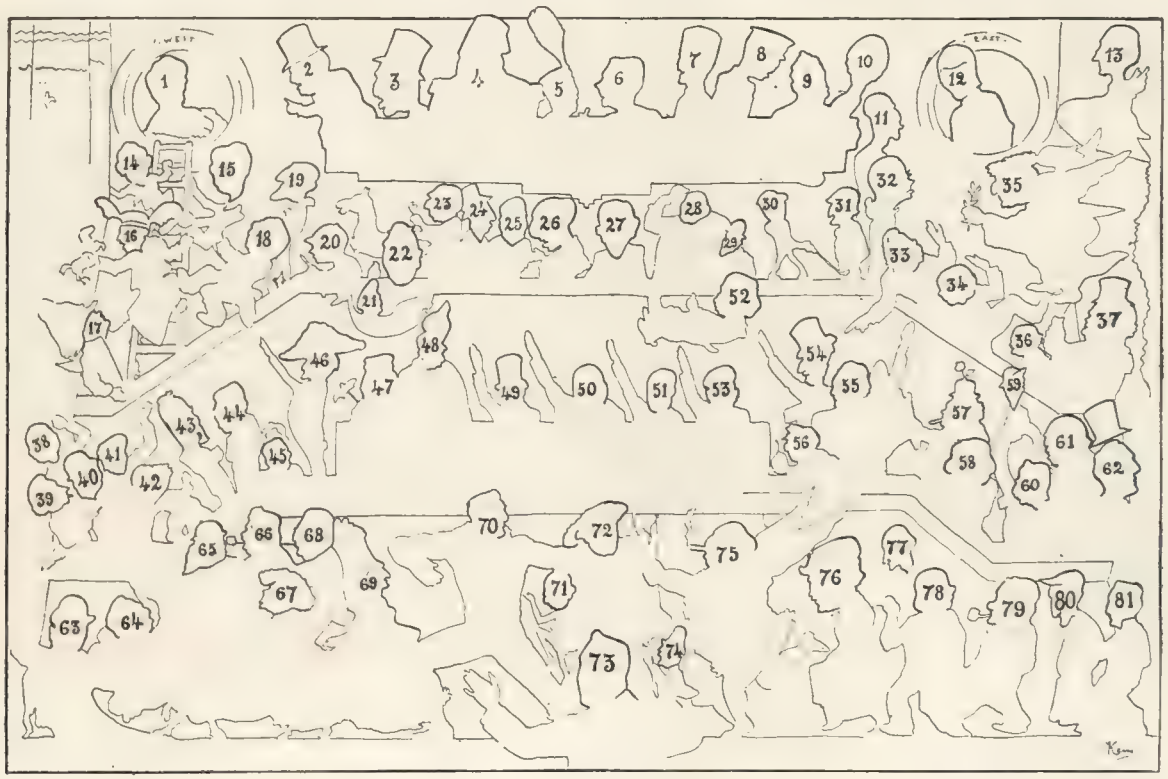
If she had not been so apprehensive about Jacky's state of mind, she would have been in a fine retrospective rage with Stanley Carter as she ran up the stairs.

The first sight she saw was most alarming: her poor little note to Jacky crumpled into a frightful and menacing ball and flung down upon her rubber door-mat. Her heart sank, but her pride sat up and looked angrily around.

Men (she thought, setting her little teeth as she set her key into the lock) . . . great selfish, stupid, cocksure fatheads. . . . What a day!

With crimson cheeks and eyes sparkling, she strode down the passage and opened her sitting-room door.

(*Continued on page* ii)



KEY TO "FOLLIES OF 1934" (pp. 38-39)

THE SPECTATORS. *Left to right:* 1. Mae West. 2. The Aga Khan. 3. King Alfonso. 4. King Fuad of Egypt. 5. King of Italy. 6. Prince of Wales. 7. Crown Prince of Italy. 8. King Gustav of Sweden. 9. The ex-Kaiser. 10. The ex-Crown Prince of Germany. 11. Le Duc de Guise. 12. Anna May Wong. 13. The Marquess of Londonderry.

THE ACTORS. *Left to right:* 14. Eddie Cantor. 15. Eamon de Valera. 16. Prince Monolulu. 17. Lord Trenchard. 18. Mr. J. H. Thomas. 19. Jack Hulbert. 20. Gordon Richards. 21. King Boris of Bulgaria. 22. George Robey. 23. Mr. Hore-Belisha. 24. Jimmy de Rothschild. 25. George Arliss. 26. Maurice Chevalier. 27. Noel Coward. 28 and 29. Laurel and Hardy. 30. J. D. Rockefeller. 31. The Countess of Oxford and Asquith. 32. Greta Garbo. 33. Maxim Litvinoff. 34. M. Maisky. 35. Lord Cecil of Chelwood. 36. Sir John Gilmour. 37. Lord Hailsham.

THE DICTATORS. *Left to right:* "*The Anti-Dictators.*" 38. James Maxton. 39. Hannen Swaffer. 40. George Lansbury. 41. Arthur Henderson. 42. M. Leon Blum. 43. G. B. Shaw. 44. Stalin. 45. Sir Stafford Cripps. "*The Dictators.*" 46. Dirio Grandi. 47. King Ibn Saud of Arabia. 48. The Shah of Persia. 49. Mustapha Kemal. 50. Mussolini. 51. Adolf Hitler. 52. King Carol. 53. Marshal Pilsudski. 54. Sir Oswald Mosley. 55. General Göering. 56. The Austrian Dynamite. "*The Pro-Dictators.*" 57. Winston Churchill. 58. Lloyd George. 59. Montagu Norman. 60. Neville Chamberlain. 61. The Earl of Derby. 62. Sir Austen Chamberlain.

THE ACTORS. *Left to right:* 63. Jean Chiappe. 64. President Gaston Doumergue. 65. Henry Cheron. 66. Edouard Herriot. 67. Andre Tardieu. 68. Paul Boncour. 69. Madame Cécile Sorel. 70. Carnera. 71. Gandhi. 72. Charles Laughton. 73. Franklin Roosevelt. 74. Franz Von Papen. 75. Lord Castlerosse. 76. J. Ramsay MacDonald. 77 Sir John Simon. 78. Lord Beaverbrook. 79. Stanley Baldwin. 80. D. R. Jardine. 81. Sir Herbert Samuel.

The Friend of Man *(Continued from page i)*

YES, there he was. Slumped in an armchair. Reading a dreary book by one of his literary acquaintances. His lower lip was sticking out, he had let the fire die down to a grey ghost, the curtains were not drawn, against the sad, foggy evening, and the room smelled of stale cigarettes.

"Hullo!" she said brightly, pulling off her cherry-red hat. "Sorry I'm so late. We got lost coming home."

Silence.

"Come on, Jacky," said Pandora, trying to make her voice sound easy and amused. "Let's go out and feed. I'm frozen, and longing for some sherry. I'm sure you must be, too."

"As a matter of fact," he replied at last, still not looking up, "I was just going. I half-promised Lallie I would look in this evening, and it was getting so late; I thought you weren't coming."

"I know. I'm so sorry." (She was biting her lip hard to control her rising rage. Queer! She thought that people only did it in novels!) "I told you . . . we got lost. I've had an awful day, Jacky—so boring, and my cold's worse . . ."

He sat up, flinging down the book with a dramatic gesture. The bright cover came off and fell into the ashy grate.

"My God . . . *you've* had an awful day! *You* have! And what about me? What sort of a day have I had, on the top of a hellish scene with Laura last night, and this morning I couldn't write a line. My nerves are jangling like a barrel-organ . . . round and round . . . round and round . . . and then I find you still out at eight at night with that coarse, under-bred swine! I've been sitting here in hell. Hell! I tell you I *must* have someone to talk to when I feel like this. I *must*! It's necessary to me, like food and sleep—to talk. The matter with you, Pandora, is that you're selfish. Bone selfish. You won't face it, but you are. Marriot's right; he always said you were fundamentally cold and self-absorbed. You *know* what I've been through lately, with her, and then you let me down like this. I counted on you. We've been friends, haven't we? I thought there had been something between us, hadn't there? And now you've let me down for this barbarian fool. What were you doing with him all those hours, anyway? Talking? I'll bet you were——"

"SHUT UP! SHUT UP! SHUT UP!" screamed a shrill, furious, hysterical voice. Through the storm of fury and nervous trembling which was shaking and choking her, a shocked Pandora realised that it must be her own. "Get out of my flat!. Go away! I hate you! Selfish, cruel, devilish beast! Go away! Get out, damn you, do you hear? I never want to see you again! I'm sick of you! I've been listening to you for five years, and I'm bored . . . BORED! Go on . . . get out, or I'll bash you!"

And wildly looking round for something to bash him with, her eye caught the print of the noble "Friend of Man," which was resting on the mantelpiece instead of on the wall, pending the insertion of a new glass. She picked it up. She rushed at him. She saw his face, white, weak, flabby, scared and shocked. Then, reaching up to her full, frenzied five-feet-five, she brought the frame down over his head and shoulders. It hung ludicrously round his neck, like something out of a film by the Marx Brothers. He retreated, saying something she could not hear above her own screams. She saw him go out of the room, heard the door slam. She was alone.

For five minutes she walked round and round, crying noisily, kicking furniture out of her way, beating frantically with her bruised fists on the surface of her beautifully polished table. "Oh, oh!" she moaned. "What shall I do? Oh, what is the matter with me? I must be going mad! Oh, oh, I am so miserable! Oh, I want Stanley . . . I want Stanley . . ."

And, snatching up her little cherry-red hat, she rushed out of the room, slamming the door behind her.

Down the wide stone steps of the building she flew, her little feet pattering, with a sound of alarm and furious haste, through the long, cold corridors, across the threshhold under the shocked and enquiring eyes of the porter in his little box. She waved frantically to a passing taxi, and fell into its cold, black, leather-smelling interior.

The driver was pleased to get half-a-crown from the lady who was crying so bitterly, and well he might be, because the Edmonstone Hotel was only just round the next corner, and the strict fare for the ride was exactly ninepence.

"Mr. Carter . . . I want to see Mr. Carter . . . It's very important, please . . ." Her lips were shaping the words, as a child will rehearse a message, as she pushed open the swing doors of the Edmonstone, but she never had to say them.

Mr. Carter himself was there, standing by the big, open fire in the hall lounge, staring rather gloomily into the flames. His short, sturdy figure, his kind red face, and badly-cut blue suit were seen by Pandora with the most blessed sense of comfort. Now, at last, she knew what she wanted and that here was someone who could give it to her.

"Oh, Stanley!" she cried, running at him across the decorous expanse of the Edmonstone lounge hall. "Here I am. I'm sorry. Please comfort me. I'm so dreadfully miserable. Please love me."

He put his arms round her cautiously, because, from the first time he had seen her, he had known that she was a delicate and fragile being, and must not be handled roughly. But she put her own arms closely round his neck, clinging and clinging to him, while the grave and beautiful word, "husband," drifted across her mind like the stroke of a deep bell; and then she felt the hard arms, whose touch she had always liked, close upon her tighter and tighter, like protecting walls.

S. G

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The popular STANDARD Pipe (with the white rim) is now made in two models: No. 1 S, fishtail mouthpiece, length 5¼ inches. No. 2 S, short lovat mouthpiece, length 4¾ inches. The standard colour is dark Rosewood, but on request a light Briarwood shade can be supplied. It is entirely British made, of finest special materials. Complete Pipe with spare Filter **5/6**
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The Buttner new DE LUXE Model retains all the advantages of the STANDARD Pipe, and is produced in two models of the most distinguished British design, and is attractively packed for presentation purposes. No. 1 D-L, medium straight mouthpiece, length 5¼ ins. No. 2 D-L, short lovat mouthpiece, length 4¾ ins. It is produced in one colour only, dark Rosewood shade. The DE LUXE Model is of the highest quality throughout, unsurpassed in every respect and embodies a number of outstanding refinements. These important features will satisfy the most discriminating smoker, who will thus obtain the combination of perfection in design and smoking. Complete Pipe with spare Filter. (Post Free in the U.K.) **10/6**

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Overseas customers please add postage. (Score out what not required.)
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£10 TAX (£7.10s. in 1935)

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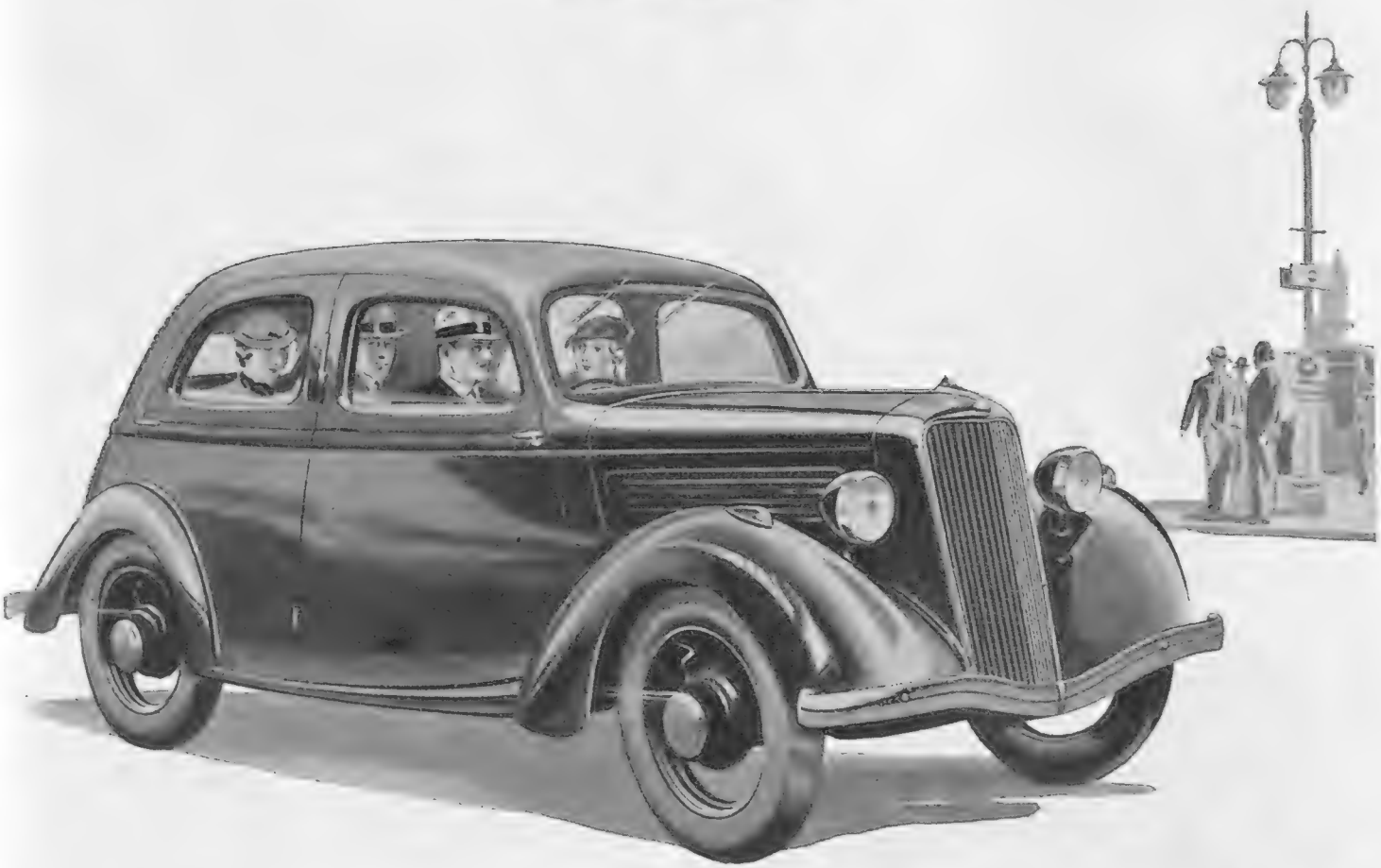

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Single-Entrance Saloon **£135** *Double-Entrance Saloon* **£145**

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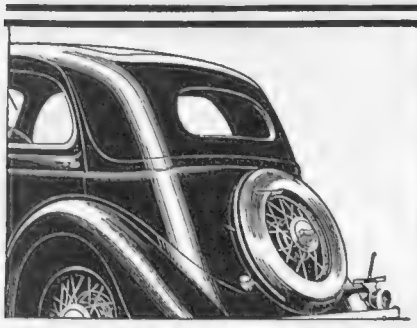

This glimpse of the rear quartering exemplifies the reality of the streamlining in the bodywork of the New De Luxe Ford.

While its first-cost, taxation, insurance, fuel, oil and tyre bills, and the making-good of fair wear-and-tear, are all so low, its appearance, its comfort, completeness of equipment, and above all its road-performance, in Town or out on the broad highway, compare with those of a far more costly car.

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in design, material-specification, or workmanship. Ford Dealers everywhere will be glad to arrange road-trials and detailed inspections of one of the most remarkable products in the history even of the Ford organisation—collectively the World's greatest motor-vehicle producer.

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Olympia in London *(Continued from page 6)*

are all much taller than the women. They administer the betrothal kiss to their brides in this way."

It was Miss Tabbage's misfortune (the Miss Tabbage who had just published a penetrating study of Heredia) that she stood so near, that her height was a mere five-feet-two, and that she had taken off her sombrero. For Knut now seized her hair, that fell lankly to her shoulders, in one large hand, and with a dead lift raised her to his own height and solemnly kissed her.

Miss Tabbage became hysterical and was taken away.

"That was a good lift," said Olympia.

"I used my left hand, of course," said Knut. "I could do a lot more with my right."

Olympia took a book from the well-packed shelves, a best-seller of nearly four hundred pages, and with a sudden wrench tore it in two, as certain conjurors will do to a pack of cards. "Can you do that?" she asked.

"I think I could," said Knut, and taking another novel used it in the same way.

"That was a thin one," said Olympia. "Try this." And she handed him a stout travel-work, well illustrated, that sold at twenty-one shillings. Knut tore this in two without difficulty. "You 're strong, all right," said Olympia.

Then, roused by competitive spirit and sheer joy in action, she snatched from the shelves book after book and ripped them across with great dexterity, and abandon. But this was more than Mr. Prout could stand. For a little while he had stood inert and stupefied before the spectacle of destruction, but when the bisected leaves of his *Outline of Erotography*—a much-valued work—fell ruined to the floor, he flung himself upon them with cries of grief, and grovelled distraught upon the fragments.

Now Olympia yielded to a foolish impulse. She saw an opportunity to demonstrate her peculiar strength, to display the might of her jaws and her columnar neck, the unique tenacity of her magnificent teeth. Once upon a time—and memory came back to her with bitterness, but she put it away—once she had lifted Juan in her teeth and threatened to drop him down the well of a staircase. But now it was pride, not anger, that dictated her action. She was showing off.

She stooped and caught in a great bite a thick fold of Mr. Prout's clothing. Then, lifting her head, she slowly raised him from the floor and stood, with triumph in her eyes and a publisher suspended from her teeth.

At this strange sight, something like panic attacked many of the guests. Some of them, whom the preceding violence had alarmed, had gone already. Now others, with most laudable prudence, hurriedly finished their drinks—or other people's drinks, left unattended—and also went. And those who were left muttered uncomfortably, encouraged each other to intervene, but did nothing except retreat to a far wall. Only Knut was undismayed, and he, remembering that Mr. Prout owed him £500 advance on *Kirkwall to the Kuriles*, became indignant at this insult to a generous publisher, and, in a harsh, commanding voice, bade Olympia drop him. She did.

"That was going too far," said Knut. "That was a caddish trick. No decent woman would use her teeth on a man."

"Huh!" said Olympia. "So you 're a sissy too, are you? Just like these others!"

"No one can say that of me," said Knut indignantly.

"Sissy!" repeated Olympia.

Thereupon, Knut, reasonably irate, boxed her ears. Olympia's face reddened, not so much with the blows, as with excitement and pleasure. She loved a friendly fight. "Hot diggety!" she exclaimed, and hit him in the eye.

Knut recovered his balance and said: "I 've never raised my hands against a woman in all my life——"

"Nerts," said Olympia, and hit him again. "Come and play ball," she invited.

KNUT closed with her and they wrestled together, staggering hither and thither. They fell, and rose again. Books fell with them, tables were overturned, and glasses shattered. Mastodons at war in a primeval forest must have wrought a comparable destruction. Their faces were red with the lust of conflict, and their breathing was hoarse and loud. The remaining guests, in real danger now, fled without shame or delay. Mr. Prout, game to the last, was led away by Mr. Lovelip. One spectator only remained, and he was Bobby, who, penned in a far corner, had not the nerve to make a dash for escape. And it was he, and he alone, who saw the end of the Titanic conflict.

Falling for the third time, Knut struck his head against the tiled kerb of the fireplace, and lay still. Olympia's look of victory changed to an expression of dismay. She uttered a loud cry and, squatting beside her victim, drew him into her lap. She stroked his brow, she patted his hands, she felt for his heart, and felt it beating. A look of maternal joy—benignity but lightly touched by anxiety—beatified her. She rocked herself as though she were a cradle and this her infant. She cooed to him, a loud and loving coo, and soothed him into semi-consciousness. She held him to her breast, this beaten giant, and was happier than she had been for years.

Now Bobby, with a whimsical thought in his mind, came softly from his corner, and taking half a dozen of Mr. Prout's new books, tore out the leaves and scattered them over the heroic and exhausted pair.

He beamed with pleasure at the effect. 'Like babes in the wood," he thought, and tip-toed from the room. E. L.

Just what he wanted

A GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR

There is not the slightest uncertainty about your gift pleasing him if you give him a Gillette Shaving Outfit. He will be pleased the moment he opens it and he'll be pleased every morning for years by the perfect satin-smooth shaves he will get from it.

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BP ETHYL

Meditations of a Jazz King

(Continued from page 70)

and some emerald rings. Maybe there 's a gold belly-band and some ruby-studded suspenders out of sight . . .

I still get ma sweet cookies constantleee,
But they 're not the kind you serve to me,
Oh, Beale Street mama,
Come back hoame !

" Good-evening, good-evening ; you 're looking wonderful. Play at your ball ? I 'll have to see how I stand. Yes, ring up." It would be another easy thousand—if she 'll stand for a thousand. Her friend, the Countess, did.

Ah, the brokers' brigade, blowing in their gold-share profits. Razz around while the going 's good, boys.

Ah, Death takes a holiday . . . Where the old boy gets his zim from beats me. They say when he takes a girl out she gets enough to keep her in caviare and camisoles for six months. I wouldn't be surprised. A top-notcher would need plenty to be seen with him here. But they say the old boy still has a way with him. Flatters the wenches all the time. It 's a good gag. I must try it some time.

WE surely are representative to-night. Cricket, tennis, golf, and its wife, high finance, chain stores, tobacco, beer, politics, the Press, art dealing, theatre, advertising, and the oldest profession in the world. " All right, boys. ' Hot Lips '—and may they do the lady some good . . "

Hello, why . . . boy ! It 's the gal ! Now, I 've seen that gal at luncheon at the Ritz, Quaglino's, the Savoy, but it 's the first time I 've seen her in evening duds. That 's my life ! I see them at luncheon, and I never know where they spend their nights. If they don't come here, I 'm sunk. . . . That guy with her is no good. Who is he, what is he ? Here, Louis . . .

Louis doesn't know. Louis thinks she is a dancer from Rio. Louis thinks her man looks like a millionaire's son, but may be only a tap-dancer she 's taking out. Louis thinks he 's being funny. Louis is a fool. He was always a fool. But maybe he is right about her being a dancer from Rio. A Latin cut to her jib. That hip sway isn't Anglo-Saxon. There 's muscle in that walk. She knows how to put herself over. Maybe she 's a sugar king's daughter, or a coffee king's girl. But whatever she is, she 's not that bird's type. She 's my type.

Peaches, look across here, will you ? I tried to catch your eye across the room at the Ritz ; I tried to catch your eye as I came in and you left at Quaggy's, and I think I did ; I tried to catch your eye around the pillar in the Savoy grill, and I 'll swear you knew and teased me, looking right at me across the room's width and pretending not to, knowing I couldn't be sure with anything less than a telescope. . . . Are you playing back to me now, or is this just an accident ?

" All right, boys, cut it short, cut it short. ' All I Do is Dream of You '—and make it good. Keep her soft and dreamy. Right ? Let 's go . . . The megaphone, Jerry."

All I do is dream of you the whole night through,
With the dawn I still go orn and dream of you . . .

She cuts her boy friend short in the middle of ordering. She wants to dance. She 's a dancer. No amateur stepped like that. She 's got fire, she 's got abandon. But does she know I 'm on earth ? Or is she here because she 's feeling there 's nobody on earth but me . . . ? It 's happened before : it can happen again.

You 're every thought,
You 're every thing,
You 're every sorng I used to sing.

She knows. She 's caught my eye ; she holds my eye. Is she going to give me a break ? She is not—she is. She is giving me a break. Eye, talk language. Eye, tell her what I 'm feeling. Eye, you 're doing your stuff. She responds. She smiles. She 's mine.

Come closer, honey. Drift around this way, peaches. . . . Peaches, pass me close and turn him around to the blind side . . . What a girl ! She knows all the tricks ! Peaches, lunch to-morrow ? O.K. Next time round. . . . " Keep her soft, boys. Pull out the romance stop. Let 's have some *heart* . . ."

Ritz, one o'clock ? O.K. ? O.K. " All right, boys; wind her up now. ' Good-night, Lovely Little Lady.' Grab that meg., you, Jerry."

I must say adieu, to you, and your loveliness.

" Fine, troubadour, fine, but give it heart, give it heart ! "

But we meet again, my dear,
On a pillow of love,
'Neath the blanket of dreams.

Ritz lunch, and she 'll dine, too, or I 'm a cock-eyed sailor ! Oysters, I guess, and champagne . . . they always like that.

P.T.

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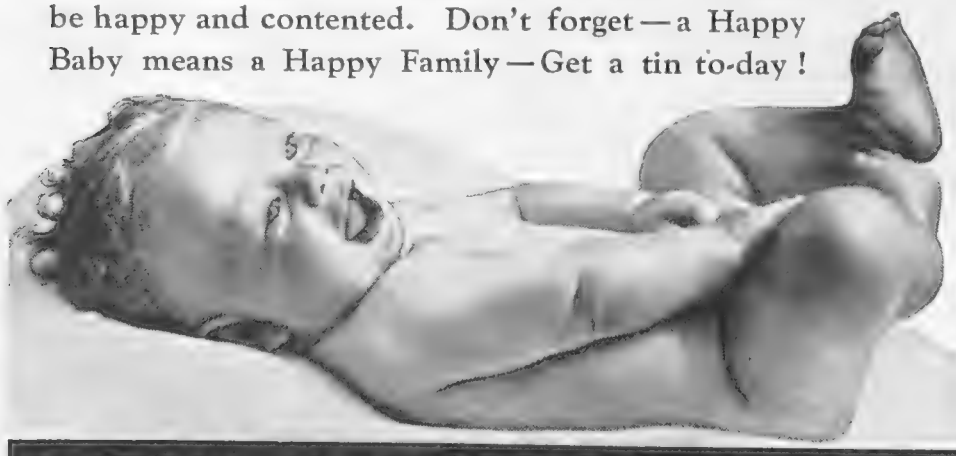

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SPINACH À LA CRÊME
PLUM PUDDING WITH ALMOND SAUCE
MINCE PIES—CHARLOTTE RUSSE
DESSERT—CAFÉ

Oyster Cocktails

ONE dozen oysters, a little jelly from roast beef or chicken, one small tin of grape-fruit, half a teaspoonful of Worcester sauce. Remove the beards from the oysters, keep the jelly and grape-fruit on ice until it is time to make the cocktails, put two or three oysters in cocktail glasses with a few drops of Worcester sauce, add a teaspoonful of jelly and about a dessertspoonful of grape-fruit pulp. Serve in the glasses.

Lobster au Gratin

ONE lobster (split open), juice of half a lemon, one oz. of butter, ½ oz. of flour and ¾ gill of milk, and one egg. Remove the flesh from the body and claws of the lobster, chop it coarsely and sprinkle with lemon-juice, cayenne, and nutmeg. Melt half the butter, and stir in the flour and milk. Stir till the sauce boils, then add the lobster and bread-crumbs and beaten egg. Fill shells with the mixture, and sprinkle bread-crumbs and dabs of butter on top, and bake for 15 minutes.

Roast Turkey with Chestnut Stuffing

TAKE about three dozen chestnuts, roast and peel them, and then put them in a saucepan with some good veal gravy or white stock. Let them boil in this for about twenty minutes. Drain off the gravy, and when they are quite cold mince them finely. Take a tablespoonful of grated ham, two teaspoonfuls of white pepper, a piece of grated lemon-peel, a pinch of cayenne, and four tablespoonfuls of bread-crumbs. Mix all well together, adding the chestnuts and moistening the whole with 2 oz. of butter and the beaten yolks of two eggs. Place this stuffing in the crop of the turkey, cover the breast with a piece of fat bacon, and cook in a gas-oven for two hours if the turkey weighs 12 lb. Serve with good gravy and bread-sauce.

Plum Pudding

MIX together ½ lb. of shredded suet, 5 oz. of bread-crumbs, 3 oz. of fine sifted flour, 6 oz. of currants (washed and dried), ¾ lb. of stoned and halved raisins, 6 oz. of mixed candied peel, 1 oz. of chopped sweet almonds, ¼ oz. of demarara sugar, half the grated rind of a lemon, half a grated nutmeg, and a little mixed spice. Beat up four eggs with a good tablespoonful of brandy, and add this to the other ingredients with enough milk to mix it all. Boil 8 hours in a well-greased basin or mould.

Almond Sauce

TWO ounces of butter cut up into a basin, to which add 1 oz. of castor sugar, 16 bitter almonds, blanched and pounded, half a wineglassful of brandy. Beat all together near the fire until the sauce looks like clotted cream. It is served cold. (This is an old family recipe.) A double quantity of each ingredient should be used for a large party.

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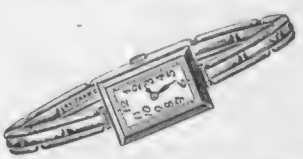

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Bottom Left.

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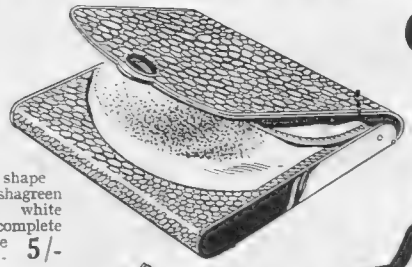

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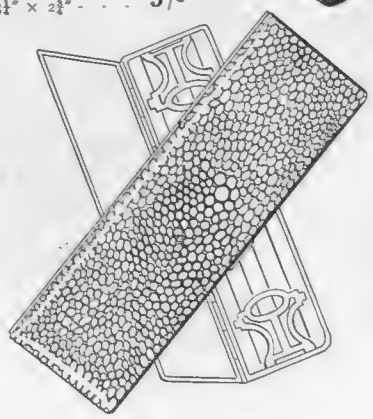
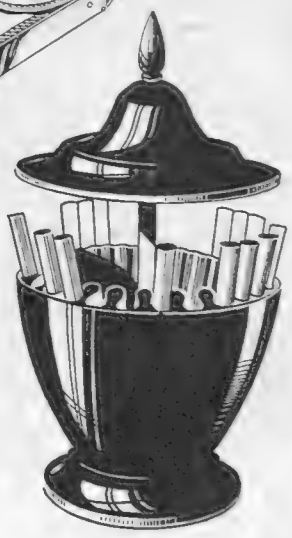


L.S.11. The "Baby Ben" Cigarette Case. Slim shagreen case to hold ten cigarettes. Size 6¼" × 2" - - 13/6



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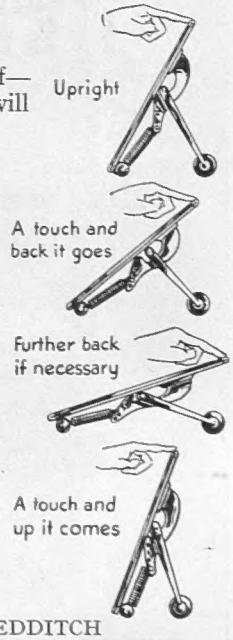

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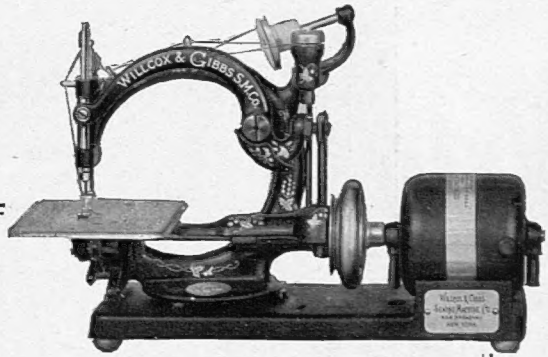

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